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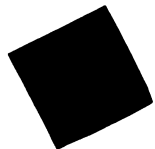
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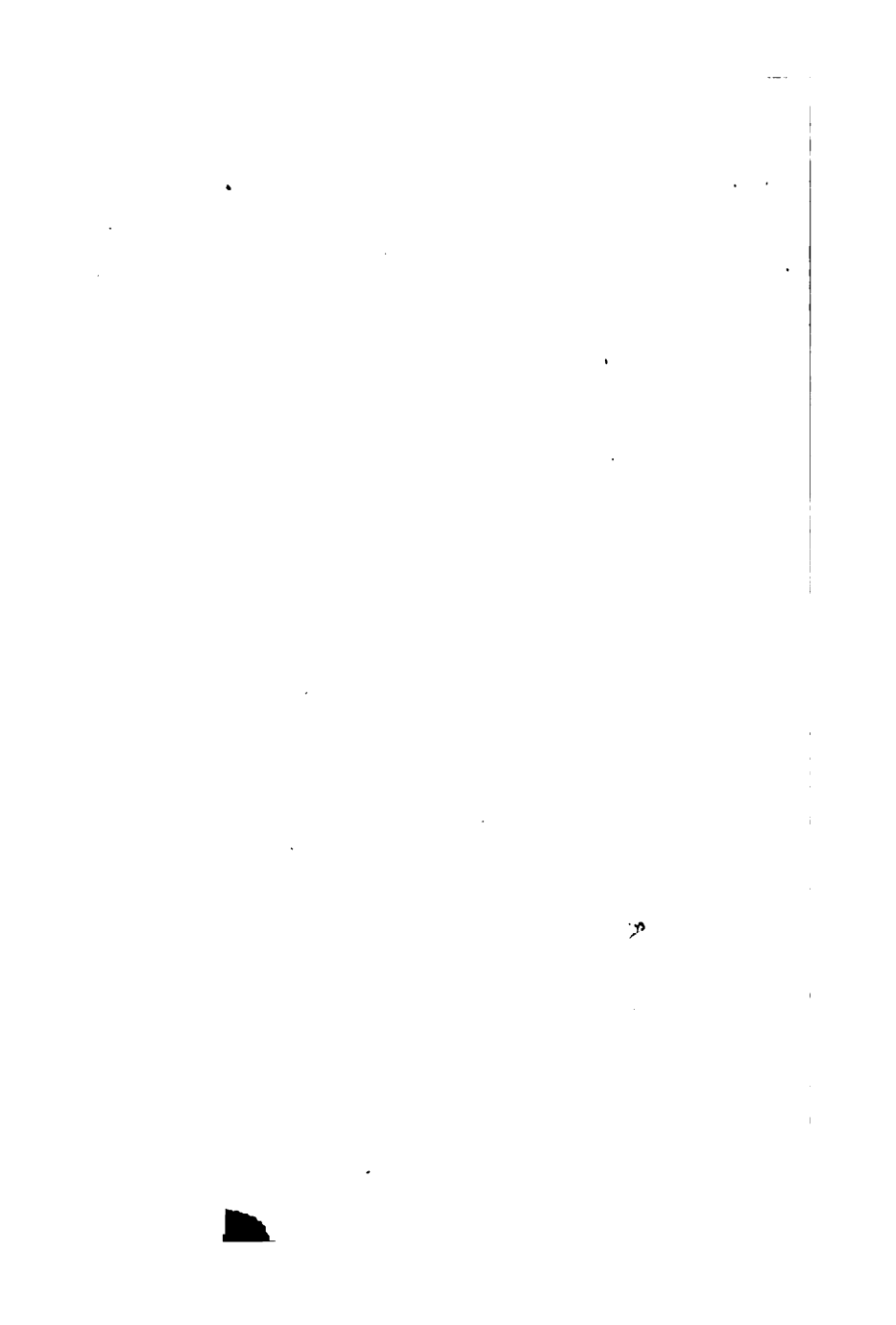
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THE THREEFOLD CORD;

OR,

MUSINGS ON FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

BY

JAMES BUTTFIELD.

"Faith, Hope, Love, these three; but the greatest of these is Love."—*Paul.*

Leeds:

J. HEATON & SON, 7, BRIGGATE.

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PREFACE.

Were an apology necessary on the appearance of a new volume of Sacred Poems, it might be found in the fact, of the increasing number of works continually issuing from the press, of a character and tendency greatly to be regretted by those who have at heart the social and moral elevation of the community. Thus every effort, however humble, that has for its object the furtherance of those excellent principles which are adapted to improve and bless, at least may be tolerated, if not welcomed, by the christian.

The Author presents the simple effusions of his pen, suggested by "Scripture, observation, and experience," animated, he trusts, by the sacred principles he has chosen as the subjects of meditation; and begs that, especially in the "greatest" of these, his effort may be received; and that amid the multitude of works of higher pretensions that invite the skill of the reviewer and the discrimination of the critic, it may escape the severity of the one and the condemnation of the other, hoping it may afford some edification to "the faithful," and be of service to some who are "ignorant and out of the way."

FAITH.

"How sweet to the soul are the breathings of peace,
When the still voice of pardon bids sorrows to cease,
When the welcome of mercy falls soft on the ear,
'Come hither, ye laden,—ye weary, draw near :'
There is rest for the soul that on Jesus relies,
There's a home for the homeless prepared in the skies,
There's a joy in *believing*, a hope and a stay,
That the world cannot give, nor the world take away !"

M'Comb.

THE COMMAND.

"Have faith in God," is the command
To every creature under heaven,
The message borne to every land,
That sinful man may be forgiven !
Without the exercise of faith
Must every soul, already doomed,
Be lost in everlasting death,
In endless burnings be consumed.

The light is come into the world
That men may see, and in it trust ;
The gospel banner is unfurled,
A beacon to the ruined host.
"Repent !" the voice of Mercy cries,
"Behold the sin-atoning Lamb !"
Trust in his wondrous sacrifice
Who satisfied Jehovah's claim !
Behold the Christ who left the skies
To live below, and die to save ;
See Him from sin's dishonour rise
Triumphant o'er the dismal grave,
Loaded with pardons, to dispense
To humble mortals who before
His footstool bow in penitence,
Believing in his saving power !
Hence is the soul renewed, forgiven,
Through the rich merits of his blood ;
For evermore beloved of heaven,
As it is reconciled to God.
"To Him the prophets witness gave,
That whosoever should believe
In Christ, who came the lost to save,
Should everlasting life receive."

Faith is *commanded*, hence it is
The *duty* of the human race ;
Obedience is the path to bliss,
And all may share the offered grace !

THE OBJECT.

“ Have faith in God,” the wondrous, great,
Creator Spirit, by whose power
The gorgeous universe was made ;
Whom all the angel-hosts adore ;
By whom all creatures are sustained ;
The great Preserver of the whole,
In wisdom and in love ordained
The subject of his one control :
In whom all excellences meet,
Whose attributes are in his Word
Made known to mortals in such light
That He by them may be adored.
Our *Benefactor*, from whose hand
Each perfect gift is here supplied ;
All things are under his command,
For every need doth He provide.

“He dwells in light,” beyond the ken
Of mortal vision ; in his own
Impenetrable glory men
Can ne’er behold his holy throne.
Himself is Light, beyond the sun,
The centre of all purity ;
Some rays are scattered hither down,
That man his character may see.
“Father of Lights,” with whom there is
No mutability, the same
In all his vast infinities,—
Eternal is his glorious Name !
He dwells in Love, and all the line
Of bright intelligences move
In life and liberty divine,
Affected and impelled by Love !
Himself is Love ! its essence, source ;
And as He sheds its power abroad,
By its delightful, gentle force
We’re brought to know and serve our God !
His love to us commended is,
As in his Son it is made known,—
That wondrous, crowning gift of his,
In which his sovereign mercy’s shown.

“Invisible to mortal eyes”

Within the veil he lives and reigns,
And all his wonderful decrees

And sovereign purposes maintains.
Not *seen* by man, but unto Him

The opening pathway is prepared
By Christ, who ventured to redeem,
And the Invisible declared.

Faith glories in each attribute
As it but dimly them perceives;
Not angel-spirits can compute
Perfections which the saint believes !

The great *Omnipotent* is He,

Whose sceptre is almighty power;
All worlds await their destiny,
And bend his purposes before.

Beneath his view material worlds
And spiritual beings lie;

Each secret his keen sight unfurls,
Nor hell evades his scrutiny.

He searches and He knows each heart;
Around us, though unseen, He dwells;
And nothing can his view divert
That every hidden region fills.

A little speck this world appears,
And its inhabitants are seen
But atoms in the universe,
And all their doings vain and mean.
"He knows our way, our sitting down,
Our rising up of Him beheld ;
No thought indulged to Him unknown,
No secret of the bosom sealed.
He compasses our daily path,
And watches o'er our nightly bed ;
Our ways He is acquainted with,
And hears the words in quiet said.
Before the words become our own,
Ere from the hidden source they break,
Are altogether to Him known,
Of good or ill as they partake.
Such knowledge is too wonderful
For mortal thought to comprehend,
(Yet grateful to the happy soul
Who knows Him an almighty Friend !
A source of terror to his foes ;
A basis for his children's faith
Who on his attributes repose,
And do the precepts which He saith.)

Where can we from his Spirit go ?
Or whither from his presence flee ?
If we should leave this world below
And rise to heaven, there would He be !
If to the world of darkness we
Could to its thickest shades retire,
Omniscience even there would be,
And in the spirit awe inspire !
If morning should afford her wings,
And swift as light we should repair
Lower than ocean's nether springs,
His hand would lead us even there !
Should we beseech the night to hide,
And bid some dark recess enfold,
No night He knows who it supplied,
As day He darkness doth behold !
He formed us ere the light of life
Upon our early vision broke ;
He saw us ere the secret strife
Our form to mortal being woke.
Our form to mortal being woke.
'Tis ours to praise the wondrous skill
'That made us men,' and us endowed
With powers to do his heavenly will,
And to acknowledge Him our God !

He fills all heaven and pervades
All space,—‘ a God at hand ’ is He ;
In brightest worlds, in darkest shades,
An Omnipresent Deity ! ”

Immutability He claims :

He changes not, the same in all
His grand perfections, and his names
Eternal and Ineffable !

“ His years throughout all ages are ;
The world was formed by Him of old ;
Time may material things impair,—
They pass away as fables told.”

“ The only Wise ” is He ; all things
The product, and the subjects, too,
Of skill divine ; the secret springs
Are ever under his review.

His *wisdom* infinite is joined
With boundless *power* ; all things, all time,
As He in *mercy* hath defined,
Evolve his purposes sublime.

“ The glorious God,” none like to Him,
The Infinite in holiness ;
Imagination fails to climb,
And at a distance it surveys.

Brightness too vast for mortal eyes
Surrounds his fearful Majesty,
The sun and centre of the skies
Enrobed in Immortality !
His glorious honour meets the praise
Of angels and archangels there ;
And the effulgence of his rays
Strikes through the regions of despair !
“ Most High ” is He, on all his deeds
Is stamped his own supremacy ;
And while his praise all heaven exceeds,
The tokens of his power we see.
Jehovah reigns, and as He wills
All heaven in order moves ; nor can
The limits He hath drawn be passed
By the rebellious creature, man.
Himself is *perfect*, and his ways
Are marked by perfect righteousness ;
His conduct evermore displays
The dictates of his holiness.
“ Holy, and Just, and True,” his Word,
Declares Himself and all He does ;
Angels and saints his praise record,
And every work his glory shows.

The Upright, Holy, Good, and Great ;
The Faithful, Merciful, and True ;
The Gracious, the Compassionate,
Longsuffering, Kind, and Righteous, too !
And awful glories in Him meet,—
“ Our God is a consuming fire,”
A jealous God, before whose feet
His fearful threatenings awe inspire.
And how can sinful mortals bear
The awful terrors of his rod ?
His Holy Word doth One declare
Who reconcileth man to God !
The sinner's hope is *God in Christ*,
The Son revealed in saving power,
The holy, sacrificial Priest,
Who intercedes his throne before.
Him hath he sent ; and all the great
Perfections of the Godhead in
“ The man Christ Jesus ” sweetly meet
As He atones for mortal's sin.
In the Anointed centred, hence
Are radiated the bright rays,
And we behold God's image in
“ The milder beamings ” of his face.

"'Tis life eternal Him to know ;"
"The Way, the Truth, the Life is He,"
The constituted channel, through
Whose work we grasp the Deity.
By Him we see the load of sin
In one vast burden borne away ;
Repentance weepeth at the scene,
And Faith adores the grand display.
"The law by Moses came, but grace
And truth by Jesus Christ, of whom
He testified,—his works and ways
Of all the types and rites the sum.
The prophets full of Him appear,
And all the history's supplied
With details that full witness bear
Of "Jesus and Him crucified."
Record of Truth ! with deepest awe
Thy sacred pages we unfold,
And thence delight and comfort draw,—
The mind of God to mortal told !
No creature origin it claims ;
Whence could its perfect doctrines come ?
Whence rise the soul-enlivening streams
That make the desert joy assume ?

Reason may boast its mighty powers ;
Above all reason flow the grand
Supernal thoughts of the Most High,
In wisdom and in mercy planned.
"The Word of God," his dictates given
To men inspired, his holy will,
Who under the control of heaven
Alone the wonders could reveal.
Faith can appreciate alone
The truths which Revelation gives ;
And Reason, prostrate at his throne,
The written will of God receives !
Could some philosophers, apart
From the rude world's annoying gaze,
Exerting their superior powers
Through sleepless nights and tedious days,
Have planned the one stupendous whole ?
What plastic hand the gems unite
To form the crown ineffable,
That shines "unsufferably bright" ?
Who was the mighty genius, who ?
What the gigantic author's name ?
Angelic worship were his due,
And his should be eternal fame !

No mortal power, no human mind,
No thousands in the form of man,
Nor all the angel host combined,
Could have contrived the Gospel plan !
Turn from *its* pages dyed with love,
Stamped with the signet of the skies,
And see the wandering nations rove
Without its light to cheer their eyes.
Behold their despicable state ;
And has no sage a volume given,
To guide their erring footsteps straight,
And picture some expected heaven ?
Behold the cruel gods of stone,
Of perishable wood, of gold ;
See tortured victims sinship own,
Nor for their guilt their *lives* withhold !
“ Where’er the foot of man hath trod,”
Where savage life hath reigned of old,
Imagination makes a god ;
But what the mystery hath told ?
There are mysterious registers
Of mythologic lore, the dreams
Of poets and philosophers ;
But dark and useless are the themes.

See where the Koran now displays
Its influence and maintains its laws ;
Contrast its borrowed, doubtful rays
With those that centre *in the Cross !*
See where the Shastres are obeyed,
Where foul idolatry obtains,
Where cruelty is duty made,
And universal darkness reigns !
What is the birth of human ken,
Aided by Nature's partial light ?
Aided by her alone, the pen
Can only half the lesson write.
The glories of God's character
From her vast pages can we know ?
Without *the written Word* we lie
Engulfed in ignorance and woe !
Eye hath not seen the Majesty
That formed and clothed this world of ours,
That stretched the sky, and sunk the sea,
And painted all the race of flowers.
Who, then, shall his perfections know ?
In sacred silence, child of man,
Before his awful footstool bow,
Whose boundless wisdom only can !

Behold ! "the high and lofty One,"
Who *was* ere Time began to be,
Who spake the word and all was done,
And worlds rejoiced in purity,
He condescends the mysteries,
Which have perplexed the mightiest minds,
To lay before our favoured eyes
In plainest terms and "fairest lines."
His servants, taught by Him of old
His words and counsels to make known,
At his divine command foretold
The purposed coming of his Son.
His person, work, and ministry
Are by eyewitnesses declared ;
The evangelic history
By "wisdom from above" prepared.
The doctrines, promises, and rules
Exceed in value all the lore
Of the most celebrated schools—
"The Word of God" with saving power !
And while the proud philosopher
Will nurse his favourite theories,
"The man unlearned need not err,"
But learn the way of life with ease.

Oh, sacred Word of Truth, how great
And manifold thy wonders are;
While carnal reason would thee hate,
Thy conquests echo from afar !
Thy light hath tinged the darkened sky,
The islands of the sea rejoice,
And all beneath heaven's canopy
Shall hear the music of thy voice !
We know the testimony true,
The Word of God *hath* been fulfilled;
And it shall on to conquering go,
Till earth its full obedience yield !
Oh, glorious day ! when o'er the world
The Sun of Righteousness shall shine,
And not a banner be unfurled
But what is thine, blest Saviour, thine !
"The Word of God shall have free course,
Shall run and shall be glorified;"
Nations shall own the gentle force,
And to the Conqueror be allied.
No more shall war's tumultuous strain
Distress the smiling valley then,
But peaceful banners deck the plain—
"Glory to God !" "Good will to men !"

Its doctrine as the dew shall spread,
Its power dying souls refresh,
And in the valley of the dead
"Dry bones shall flourish clothed with flesh."
The precious pages that have long
Been the sole comfort of his own,
Shall be the universal song
By every son of Adam known !
By faith in God the soul is blessed,
The Prophets from the heart believed,
Christ owned, salvation is possessed,
And "hope of glory" is received.
The Gospel as by Jesus preached,
The proclamation straight from heaven,
The joyful tidings us have reached,
And pardon, peace, and joy are given.
Repent, the voice of Mercy saith !
Believe, the message cries, and live !
The sinner, by the act of faith,
Doth each inclusive bliss receive.

COLLATERAL OBJECTS.

Faith rests upon *the promises*,
Believes in the ability
Of God to bring them all to pass,
Nor questions, "How can these things be?"
"We walk by faith, and not by sight;"
As strangers in this world we roam,
Assured that through this gloomy night
He'll guide our weary footsteps home.
The promises are all "Amen
In Christ," their author and their end;
His healing word subdues each pain,
In all our sorrows He's our Friend.
"Exceeding great and precious" they,
Sufficient in each exigence;
They light us in the heavenly way,
And crown with glory all events.
All mingle in one grand display
Of justice, mercy, truth, and grace,
And shed sweet beamings on the way
That leads us to "yon heavenly place."

The covenant of God is seen
By the keen eye of faith, and shines,
When darkest clouds enshroud the scene,
In fairest hues and brightest lines.
And daily as we cast our eyes
Above this adventitious sphere,
We see the rainbow span the skies,
And read God's lovingkindness there.
Each promise is made ours, alone
By *faith* in Jesus Christ, in whom
A present glory is made known,
And ever-glorious things to come.
'Tis through "the righteousness of faith,"
As fitness is from Jesus drawn,
That we're prepared for life, for death,
And meetened for the fadeless crown.
Thus godliness doth profit give,
As it the blessed promise hath,
Of this time-life that now we live,
And of the life that's after death !
Strong consolations thus abound
Through the delightful promises,
As pilgrims through this hostile ground
To the fair city on we press.

As we have "fled for refuge to
The only hope before us set,"
Heaven beams upon the stedfast view,
And we our toils and pains forget.
Through "faith and patience" must we press,
Hold fast in confidence our way,
Nor loiter in the wilderness,
Lest we become to foes a prey.
In all the hindrances and cares,
Afflictions, bonds, that may ensue,
The common lot of all the heirs
Of promise, keep the end in view.
The angel-whispers of God's word,
As we pursue the beaten way,
Will ever be behind us heard,
To cheer by night and urge by day.
Each promise sealed by Jesus' blood
Will in due season be fulfilled;
Both as we journey on the road,
And at the end, grace, glory, yield!
"He's faithful who hath promised;"
Bless'd are the men for Him who wait,
Joy on their pathway shall be shed,
And heaven *within* the soul create.

There is *a time* for all that God
Hath promised ; and its fulness known,
The blessing will be then bestowed,
In it his righteousness be shown.
Faith rests in calm, unwavering trust,
And waits the issue of his will ;
Hath God the holy sworn ? he must
The promise in his time fulfil !
"Not one good thing will ever fail,
Of all the Lord hath said he'll do,"
While we pass through this gloomy vale,
And the bright path He shows pursue.
Yea ! not one word, the smallest part
Of the least promise He hath given,
Shall fail,—this cheers the drooping heart
With daily presages of heaven.
The great, the glorious promise will,
Built on his faithfulness and power,
Its time (though long it seems) fulfil,
And cheer the last distressing hour.
"I never will forsake," He saith ;
And in the trials of the way
The promised aid is ours through faith,
And strength is given for each day.

“When through the waters we may go”
(Faith must be *tried*) He then appears;
His smile allays the heaviest woe,
His presence calms the wildest fears.
“When through the fire” his word shall call,
Faith triumphs in the promise given,
And magnifies his love in all
The sorrows that prepare for heaven.
Faith revels in the glorious scene
That is unfolded by the word,
The promised coming (not for sin,
But for salvation) of the Lord.
According to the statement, then
The earth and heavens that now appear,
When Christ our Life shall come again,
Shall perish in the general fire.
We look for the auspicious hour
When the new heavens and new earth
By his decree and sovereign power
In life and beauty shall come forth.
Faith asks not *when*, nor questions *where*,
But to the glorious promise clings,
And waits to hail the Saviour there,
And while in bondage sweetly sings.

"The rest remaining" it expects;
And while it patiently this life
And all its trials bears, the next
Here makes amends for all the strife!
The joys of expectation are
(Based on the everlasting word)
Better than all the wicked share,
And solid, lasting peace afford.
And when the closing scene arrives,
Faith triumphs in the mortal strife;
The glorious promise still survives,
The soul emerges "into life."

ITS SOURCE.

"Man with the heart believes;" 'tis when
His dangers and his duties rise,
And fill his soul with inward pain,
That he for saving grace applies.
The *power* to believe is *given*;
The *act* the sinner's own must be;
Like every other gift of Heaven,
It leaves the human agent free.

'Twere vain that the command were given
That men should on the Lord believe,
Alike to all men under heaven,
Unless they could the Word receive !
Thus faith, like every other grace,
Is given, as man is so endowed
That he can seek Jehovah's face,
And glorify his Father God.
The proclamation of the Word
Is to the end that men may *hear*,
And hearing *seek* unto the Lord,
Believing with a heart sincere.
The answer to the question *now*,
Is what the early preachers gave
To anxious souls, "What must I do?"
"Believe in Him who came to save!"
There was no hesitation then,
Or question of ability;
The sinner mourning for his sin
Was shown the Cross of Calvary.
Believe ! the blood of Christ is shed,
The ransom for the soul is given ;
The *basis* of your faith is laid
Firm as the glorious throne in heaven !

The simple act of faith receives
The blessings Jesus died to win;
When penitence in tears *believes*,
Remission's given of all sin.
The sinner's saved by *grace* alone;
This is the *gift* of God, the base
(The elect, the precious corner-stone)
On which faith builds unto his praise.
The gift belongs to *all*; all can,
All may, the truth of God receive;
This is the true account of man,
That he *will not* the truth believe.
The secret of the strait success
Of Gospel effort, is the same
As it was in the early days
When first was published Jesus' claim.
Men *still* "love darkness," and prefer
The shades of night in which they lie;
The condemnation still the same,
The carnal mind still enmity.
The truth they still abuse; that gift,
The power to believe, they still
Refuse to exercise, and pour
Contempt on the Almighty's will.

Compatible with this, the work
Of man's salvation is the Lord's,
As all the *means* that are employed
The Gospel of his grace affords.
The power to affect man's mind
Not *in* the instrument is found,
But through *the influence* designed
He ever makes his grace abound.
This alters not the *claim* that He
Demands of all the sons of men;
No man can ever *passively*,
Though "of His will," be "born again."
The spiritual birth is not
Without *the creature's will*,—he takes
His part in the affair: God *calls* !
It is the sinner that *awakes* !
The feast is *made*, the men are *bid*;
The willing *come* and share the good;
The Founder's name is glorified;
The hungry sinner *eats the food* !
As "Jesus and him crucified"
Is set before the sinner's eyes,
He sees no source of hope beside,
And rests upon the sacrifice.

The *faith* thus exercised is based,
Not on the words of man, but on
The wisdom and the power of God,
By certain demonstration shown.
The man who dreams that he will be
The subject of new faculties
Before he *can* on Christ rely,
Will never share the promises.
The first thing that a sinner must,
In order to salvation, do,
Is simply in Christ's cross to trust,
And this "the Scriptures" plainly show.
Without this faith no sinner can
Accepted in the Saviour be;
And *with it* God will bless the man,
Though of the very vilest he!
And still the truth appears as grand,
That Jesus is the *author* too,
As well as *finisher*, of faith;
Yea! yields a more exalted view
Of the great principles of grace;
The doctrines, promises, and laws,
Discover more benignant rays,
All centreing in the "wondrous Cross."

Christ's very mediation is
A mirror of the truth of this ;
He stands between our God and us,
Receives and gives the promises.
And all the *invitations*, based
Upon his finished work, appeal
To man, as of the power possessed,
And only wanting of *the will* !

ITS NATURE.

Without this *faith*, the blessings that
The Gospel shows can ne'er be known ;
'Tis faith that stretches forth the hand,
And makes these blessings all her own,—
The *first* requirement of the Word,
The great organic grace, whence flows
All that is pleasing to the Lord,
And doth all other good suppose.
'Tis the appropriating grace
That grasps "the precious promises,"
That doth the wondrous pathway trace
That issues in eternal bliss.

Faith takes the lead ; each other grace,
 Awakened by its hallowed flame,
Takes in the new-made heart its place,
 Unto the praise of Jesus' name.
It is the *root* whence every flower
 That sheds its fragrance springeth forth ;
To it alone belongs the power
 Indigenous to heavenly birth.
It is not simply credence given
 To the grand truths that are revealed,
But inward power derived from heaven,
 By which they're on the spirit sealed.
A clear perception of their vast
 Intrinsic excellency felt,
That grieves o'er sins and follies past,
 And glories in their cancelled guilt.
Loves all the doctrines of the Cross ;
 "It works by love," and hence it lives ;
It reckons all besides as loss,
 And *all* for Jesus freely gives !
It sees no merit in the deeds
 Of human goodness ; trusts alone
To righteousness, which them exceeds,
 Centred in God's beloved Son.

It gains an interest in the grand
Supernal riches lodged above;
Before the throne, at God's right hand,
There are its treasures, there its love!
This blest relation it confers
"Unto as many as believe,"
That they should henceforth be the heirs
Of more than fancy can conceive.
It makes us "heirs of God, joint heirs
With Jesus Christ," the Father's Son,
For whom exists the universe,
And for whose glory all is done.
A vital union it creates
Between the Saviour and the soul;
Present nor future violates,
That sin nor Satan can control.
Here is the contract made between
Immanuel and his chosen Bride,
In yonder bright, immortal scene,
Together to be glorified.
Faith centres in "the dying Lamb,"
Regards his work and offices,
And glories in each hallowed name
By which to man endeared he is.

Jesus, the Prophet, Priest, and King ;
His holy doctrine, blood, and crown ;
A perfect Saviour trusted in ;
His work, his way, his glory shown.
Faith never claims, but humbly trusts ;
It brings no price, but all receives ;
It loves, it prays, it pleads, obeys ;
It feeds on Jesus' worth and lives.
The great salvation it receives,—
Free, full, and glorious ; and it joys
In Jesus Christ, in whom it lives,—
The all-sufficient sacrifice.
Faith is the grace the Spirit seals,
That grasps "the glories of the Lamb,"
As it the hidden things reveals ;
And all its boast is Jesus' name !
The promise of Jehovah is
The ground of trust ; but Christ the Lord
Its glorious object and its bliss,
In whom is magnified his Word !
Faith penetrates each rising cloud,
And fixes on "the great High Priest,"
Who pleads the sinner's cause with God,
And there immoveably will rest.

The glory of His person's seen,
His suitability beheld;
It stretches forth the veil within,
And its eternal bliss is sealed.
It gives a name among the host
Of his redeemed ones; power at once
It grants (which it will ever boast)
To be among his chosen sons.
"The robe of righteousness" it gains,
Which covers over all the guilt,
That never more a curse remains,
And angel-innocence is felt.
For ever justified before
Jehovah, angels, and the blest;
A Saviour's merits to adore,
And lean for ever on his breast.
Faith is unwavering confidence
And trust immoveable; the mind
Reposing on Omnipotence,
To all his purposes resigned.
Based on the faithfulness and love
Of Him who "doeth all things well,"
Nor time, nor death, the soul can move,
Nor all the powers of earth and hell!

Unchangeable in all the vast
Perfections of His character ;
"Too good to be unkind " at last,
"Too wise " in anything "to err."
Faithful to all that He hath said,
His covenant engagements rest ;
We *know* on whom our faith is laid,
Now and to be for ever blest.
Faith is an *active* principle ;
Its evidence in life is shown ;
It must its inward strength reveal,
And be by holy *works* made known.
A *passive* faith is not true faith,—
A statue without life that bears
The likeness of a man,—'tis death
Itself ; it neither sees nor hears ;
It neither loves nor does the will
Of Him who claims obedience ;
'Tis cold and senseless, dumb and still,
Nor lifts its hand, earth-fettered, hence.
"Faith works by love, and purifies
The heart," like leaven in the soul,
Till all the motives, thoughts, and joys,
Are under its divine control.

It wakens hope, and chastens fear;
It guides, and leads, and cheers us on;
It wipes away the falling tear,
And bursts the veil that hides the crown!
By it we "pass from death to life,"
And enter the unfolding door,
Where, far above all earthly strife,
We safely dwell for evermore.
By it we are God's children made,
And all their privileges share,
And all the "ills of life" *evade*,—
Evolving bliss to every heir.
By it we "draw nigh unto God,"
And hold with him sweet intercourse;
He "hears in heaven," his bright abode,
And doth "with humble souls converse."
"Our Father" and "our Friend" it sees,
And in his love such solace knows,
That earth and all its joys "grow less,"
And banished are its pains and woes.
By it we *live*,—the breath of heaven
Fills the whole soul; to earth we die;
And *here* the privilege is given
To soar above mortality.

By it we *walk*,—though “strangers here,”

The distant home its power unveils,
The obstacles all disappear,

The parting mountain’s top it scales.

By faith we *stand*,—the foes that rise

Can never the foundation move ;

Nor sin, nor Satan, can surprise,

Nor all their efforts fatal prove.

By faith we *fight*,—it is “the shield”

That covers all, and blunts each dart

That’s hurled in life’s wide battle-field,

Surrounds and safely keeps the heart.

By faith we *overcome*,—“this is

The victory,”—it is the power

That wakens every woe to bliss,

And gilds with joy life’s latest hour.

A strong and vigorous faith will give

To every grace an equal power ;

’Twill make us fit on earth to live,

And meeten for life’s closing hour.

It makes us bold in duty grow,

Equips us for the field, to fight,

To run,—till, finished all below,

We hail the glory with delight.

It well secures the promised "grace
For every time of need;" we know
It will ensure desired success
In all we undertake and do.
It makes the service of our God
A pleasurable exercise;
And from each thorn that paves the road
Makes flowers of Paradise arise.
It looks away from self and earth;
And from *the* source of influence
New strength derives as it goes forth
Unawed, unmoved, by time's events.
With telescopic eye 'twill bring
The blessed scenes of heaven below;
And in the cage of flesh will sing
The melodies that angels know.
'Twill laugh at hindrances that rise,
And in its ardour still aspire,
Till lost in the realities
That kindle now its warm desire.
It daily drinks inspiring draughts
From the sweet "river that delights
The city of our God,"—it quaffs
Immortal strength from glory's heights.

It climbs the hills that mortal aim
Must ever fail to overcome ;
Flies o'er the separating stream,
And hither brings the joys of home.
It glorifies our God in all
The efforts it engages in ;
And ready waits to hear his call,
To realize the blessed scene.
Faith stands upon the Rock unmoved
By all the incidents of life,
That Rock which has a refuge proved
In every scene of mortal strife.
When in the days of sunny bliss
Prosperity's enjoyed, it tells
Of joys superior to these,
Where everlasting sunshine dwells.
Faith moderates the heart's desires,
And teaches "meek humility ;"
And "holy gratitude" inspires
For all the blessings "large and free."
And when the clouds obscure the sun,
And adverse days afflict the soul,
It says, "Not my will, *Thine* be done,"
And bends beneath the mild control.

It sees "the hand that moves the world,"
And views behind his wisdom still;
In heaven's own light it sees unfurled
The banner of Jehovah's will.
That hand which sways the destinies
Of empires, faith describes in all
The most minute occurrences
That its experience may befall.
Though "wrapt in mystery" the event,
"His way is perfect,"—this it feels,
And all for its wellbeing meant,
His lovingkindness still reveals.
It recognizes in each pain,
Each adverse circumstance, a link
In that vast providential chain
Beyond all creature mind can think.
It looks above created things
For comfort and for happiness;
"Within the veil" the hidden springs
That fill the soul with joy and peace.
Beyond the fading things of earth,
The fulness of the promises,
Its eager longings venture forth,
And revel in unearthly bliss.

"The separating wall" divides,
The glories it anticipates,
Yet patiently His will abides,
And draws a portion while it waits.
The smiles of earth will fail to win,
Its frowns scarce force a falling tear;
Beyond this evanescent scene
Endless realities appear.
The "losses and the crosses" felt,
In magnitude decrease, as they
In the bright scenes of glory melt,
And with the earthly pass away.
When disappointments rise and vex,
'Tis only for a moment,—they
But urge the hope that joy expects,
That never, never fades away.
Though all created good expire,
And every earthly pleasure die,
Yet all remains that's worth desire,
And faith obtains a rich supply.
"Life, joy, and immortality,
Are by the Gospel brought to light;"
Faith opens wide the mystery,
And revels in the infinite.

And with an eye that nought can blind,
An unseen Saviour views above ;
The grandeur of the scenes behind
The veil discerns, and basks in love !
It reads the blessed "covenant
That's ordered in all things, and sure ;"
Knows the good Shepherd, fears no want,
And patiently can all endure.
While it maintains its hold secure
On all the promises of God,
Nor hellish strife, nor mortal power,
Can desecrate its calm abode.
The path through life may thorny be,
Each prospect gloomy ; every plan
Of earthly aim and policy
Be frustrated by fellow-man.
All the resources that supply
Us in our calling, by some blast
May be entirely swept away,
Success be reckoned with the past.
Faith looks away from outward show,
And *Godliness* affordeth *gain*
That prosperous sinners never know,
And reckons all without this vain !

Light beams through the most dismal cloud,
And hope bears up the soul in all
The sorrows that the way enshroud,
Mid the fierce storms that on it fall.
It smiles at obstacles, and rides
Triumphant o'er the foes that rise ;
In conflict shows its wondrous strength ;
Shines brightest 'neath the darkest skies !

ITS EFFECTS.

The first effect of saving faith
Is *full remission of all sin* ;
The sinner's condemnation's death,
But *a new life* doth hence begin.
The burden of the Word is this—
Whoso *believes*, at once obtains
Pardon for all iniquities,
The favour of the Lord regains.
Then *justifying* grace is given
In pardoning mercy found through faith ;
While God the Just looks down from heaven,
And the *new man* acknowledgeth.

"The righteousness of God, which is
By faith in Jesus Christ" unto
Believers manifested, lies
In the dear Cross whence pardons flow:
Propitiation for our sins,
Designed of God, in which he doth
His spotless rectitude evince,
His love, his mercy, and his truth!
Through faith in Jesus' blood, 'tis *here*
In justifying sinners all
His wondrous attributes appear
In their own light, ineffable:
Is shown his mercy in the act,
The great forbearance of his love;
His justice binds the grand compact,
And faith doth all its power prove.
And "being justified by faith"
We peace possess with God, through Him
Who yielded even to the death,
From condemnation to redeem.
"By whom we also have access
Into the grace wherein we stand,"
While He still pleads his righteousness
For us above, at God's right hand.

Not justified by works is man,
But by the faith of Christ who died :
This is the meritorious plan,
And we are "freely justified."
Our "hearts are *purified* by faith,"
As *sanctifying* grace is given ;
And through the merits of Christ's death
We're *meekened* for the joys of heaven.
By faith the sinner turns to God,
"From darkness to his marvellous light ;"
With heavenly vision is endued,
And looks into the infinite.
By faith he tramples on the might
Of sin and Satan, and enjoys
The liberty and sweet delight
That Jesus' easy yoke supplies.
By faith forgiveness is received,
And an inheritance among
The blessed number of the saved,
The sanctified, immortal throng,
Whose heaven is begun below,
Who patiently endure as they
Behold the great Invisible,
And wait the marvels of "that day"

When the vast army of the saints
Shall rise to everlasting life ;
Forget their sorrows and complaints,
Their tears, their conflict, and their strife ;
Be perfected with Christ their King,
And glory, praise, and honour pay ;
Salvation, blessing, victory, sing,
Decked in the robes of bright array !
Till then, *faith* through the power of God
The souls redeemed and ransomed by
The precious drops of Jesus' blood
Keeps in the strait and narrow way.
Through it, life, light, and joy are ours,
Preserving grace, and free access
To God, and triumph o'er the powers
Of evil and unrighteousness.
The edifying of the soul
In all the mysteries of the Truth,
Built on the power ineffable,
Ensured by the Almighty's oath.
Self-justifying it excludes ;
Self-boasting leaves to Pharisees ;
No speculation it intrudes ;
The lusts of flesh and spirit flees.

Its fruits are hope, and joy, and peace,
And confidence and boldness too ;
Its radiant crown is righteousness,
And everlasting bliss in view.
The preciousness of Christ it shows ;
By it *He dwells within* the soul ;
Its blessed influence diffuse,
Brings all things under its control.
It is the glorious evidence
Of interest in all the bliss
Secured by God's omnipotence
Included in the promises.
It is the blessed power that strives,
And, wrestling with the Lord, prevails :
When faith appeals Jehovah gives,
And every needed blessing deals.
By it "we *live*, and yet not we,"—
Christ liveth in us ; and this life,
Beyond time's measure and degree,
Survives the hour of mortal strife.
By it we *stand*,—engrafted on
"The Vine" we flourish "strong and fair ;"
Our fruitfulness is not our own,
But through Christ Jesus fruit we bear.

By it we *walk*,—the steps we trace
Which our great Leader for us drew ;
We lean on “all-sufficient grace,”
And we shall share the glory too !
By it the world we *overcome*,—
This victory believers have,
And dwell securely as at home,
And all the assaults of evil brave.
By it the Demon we resist,
And from the unequal strife he flees ;
We’re “more than conquerors through Christ,”
As we the strength imparted seize.
By it he’s ever vanquished,—we
Above his tempting efforts soar ;
Bring down to Time, Eternity,
And all the promises explore.
By it supported, we pursue
And hail the light of endless day ;
Oft should we faint, unless we knew
The goodness God doth then display.
We labour, and reproach endure,
Because we trust, and help receive
From God, whose promises are sure
To those who in his name believe.

And in its hallowed exercise
Saints *die*,—their mortal part decays
As in the quiet grave it lies,
Till by his power Christ shall raise
The body with new powers endued,
Which with the ransomed soul shall join,
Unto the glory of its God,
In service, endless and divine !

EXHORTATIONS.

True faith possessed, though weak compared
With what it might and should become,
Will never fail of its reward,
But will conduct the soul safe home.
That prayer which the disciples poured
Into their Master's ears be ours :
"Increase our faith (so feeble), Lord,"
Invigorate its drooping powers.
Faith may be (though it never can
Be conquered) suffered to decline ;
The sun remains, though clouds arise
And intercept the beams that shine :

So faith by flesh and sense in more
Or less degree affected is,
And doubts and fears awhile obscure
The light of life and smiles of bliss;
But by its own indwelling power
The mists dissolve and melt in light,
And sunbeams glisten through the shower,
And shine more gloriously bright.
Dependant on the Almighty One,
Yet in some sort affected by
The agent unto whom 'tis known,
Responsible for its degree.
Hence many exhortations are
Administered unto the heirs
Of heaven while they sojourn here,
Exposed to sorrows and to snares,
That they may "*full of faith*" be found;
"The servants of their age" in all
The works of faith and love abound
Obedient to the heavenly call.
Abounding in all holiness,
Unto the praise of Him to whom
They owe their life, their hope, their bliss,
Their glorious rest, and happy home.

Continuing in the grace bestowed,
Settled, and grounded, in the Word;
Reposing on a faithful God,
And waiting for their coming Lord.
Assured that through afflictions here
"Much tribulation" they must press,
Till the bright gates of heaven appear,
And entrance give to blessedness.
"By faith unfeigned" to follow on,
Guided by the commandment given,
Till glorious fruition's won,
And faith's exchanged for sight in heaven.
Thus is remembrance stirred afresh,
That we should never yield to fear,
Nor be in bondage to the flesh,
But prove our faith and love sincere.
Not be content with that attained,
But still unto the mark to press;
"Stand fast," 'tis said, "quit you like men,"
Advances make, and "grow in grace."
Strong in the Lord, unto his praise
Pursuing still the noble way
That leadeth through the wilderness
To the bright scenes of endless day.

Assured that every promise will
Be finished in his time and way,
Let faith its righteousness fulfil,
And on his holy covenant stay.
The "full assurance" aim to know,—
The firm persuasion of his power,
That He is *able* all to do,
Than we can think exceeding more.
Examining ourselves each day,
That we the blessed truth may find,
That Jesus doth his power display,
And all our thoughts and feelings bind;
Disposing us all things to do,
"That all may be of faith," that we
Its power may in our conduct show,
Continually, increasingly.
So all that God approves will be
Our daily study and our joy;
And in our path to heaven shall we
Our holiness exemplify.

EXAMPLES.

What instances upon the page
Of inspiration we perceive,
That well our study may engage,
And comfort us, as we believe,
Of men who, with the light bestowed,
So faint to that which we possess,
Acknowledged and obeyed their God,
And "far off saw the promises;"
Enumerated to awake
Our energies and diligence,
That we may "great advances" make,
Supported by Omnipotence.
Of *Abel*, who was justified
By faith, as through his sacrifice
He saw the spotless crucified,—
The first of mortals saved by grace.
Of *Enoch*, who on this low earth
So closely "walked with God" by faith,
That he was reckoned of such worth
That he should not be touched by death !

Of *Noah*, who was warned of God,
And, moved with fear, prepared an ark,
And with his household o'er the flood,
Was saved in that faith-ordered bark.
Of *Abraham*, who God obeyed,
And every trial meekly bore,
Whose "works of faith" are oft pourtrayed,
And lessons yield as we explore.
Of *Isaac*, and of *Jacob* too,
The holy patriarchs of old,
Whose faith doth wondrous power show,
Jehovah's faithfulness unfold.
Of *Moses' Parents*, who by faith,
Not fearing Pharaoh's vile decree,
Exposed their child to other death,
And saw him from the tyrant free.
Of *Moses*, too, the man of faith,
Who rather chose with saints to dwell,
To welcome pain, and even death,
Than all the wealth that kings could tell.
What wondrous deeds, by *Moses* led,
Were for the Israelitish host
By mighty faith accomplished
Ere they arrived on Canaan's coast !

Of others, bright as glowing stars
That mingle in each others' light,
That stud the glorious universe,
And break the shadows of the night.
Of *David*, and the holy seers,
Whose deeds of heroism shine;
Reproving all our doubts and fears,
Bidding *us* make "this life divine."
"Through faith," great kingdoms they subdued,
And executed righteousness ;
Stopped lions' mouths that roared for blood ;
Obtained immortal promises.
They quenched the violence of fire ;
Escaped the edge of thirsty swords ;
And out of weakness strength acquired,
Strong in the prowess heaven affords.
Grew valiant in the holy wars,
And put to flight their mighty foes ;
Through God were more than conquerors,
And hailed the glory of the Cross !
Of others, who great sufferings bore,
Would not deliverance accept,
Esteeming principle far more
Than pity for the tears they wept.

And some, who cruel mockings met,
And scourging from their haughty foes ;
Imprisonments and bonds they knew,
And hailed their life's terrific close.
Were stoned, were sawn asunder, all
The pangs of martyrdom endured ;
Were tempted that they might recal
Their doings and be thus restored.
Nor promise could affect their faith,
Nor threatening of the bloody sword ;
Superior to life, to death,
Their sworn allegiance to the Lord !
Some, in the world (of whom it was
Not worthy), wandered here and there
In caves and mountain fastnesses,
Hid from the persecutor's ire.
How many times such things have been
Enacted in succeeding days ;
The mind recoils at many a scene,—
The gibbet, and the faggot's blaze.
And shall we quail at aught ? shall *faith*
Be less almighty than it was ?
Shall we shrink back from shame and death ?
Nay, rather glory in the Cross !

Remembering we are compassed by
So great a cloud of witnesses,
Oh, let us cast each weight away,
And run with patience in the race.
Beholding far above them all
The Author, Finisher, of faith,
Who for the joys ineffable
Endured the cross, despised the death !
Let us consider Him, lest we
Should weary be, and faint, and fall ;
Bring all our woes to Calvary,
And glory in our Christ, our All !

HOPE.

" Hope, with uplifted foot, set free from earth,
Pants for the place of its ethereal birth ;
On steady wing flies through the immense abyss,
Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss,
And crowns the soul, while yet a sufferer here,
With wreaths like those angelic spirits wear."

Cowper.

ITS SOURCE.

Hope is the bright companion grace,
That sheds a lustre on the path
Which through the wilderness we trace,
And beautifies the walk of *Faith*.
Twin angels ! born of Mercy,—here
To guide us to the land of love,
Our heavenly portion to endear,
And meeten for our house above.

Truly our hope *in God is found*,—
No other source can yield the joy;
It is not native of this ground,—
It is an offspring of the sky.
’Tis true that God’s beneficence
Has placed within each mortal breast
A blessed principle, which yields
A measure of delight and rest.
And thus mere mortal hope affords
To every man some comfort here,
Which, ’mid the ills of life, supports,
And soothes the sigh, and checks the tear.
But *this* is circumscribed by time,
And in the things of earth is lost;
But there’s a hope that is sublime,
That doth eternal glories boast.
The principle may be the same,
As man’s still *man* when he’s forgiven,
But glories in a better name,
Stamped with the living seal of heaven.
The hope that every man enjoys,
We to the love of God may trace;
But the dear hope that Christ supplies,
We trace to his “abounding grace.”

“According to his mercy, He
Hath us again begotten to
A living hope that cannot die,—
Our Saviour’s resurrection through,—
Unto a bright inheritance,
That’s incorruptible, on high,
Reserved in heaven for the saints,
And kept till the redemption’s nigh.”
Then Faith and Hope together will
Their evangelic mission end;
And all the numberless elect
An everlasting Sabbath spend.

ITS NATURE.

’Tis more ethereal than faith,
Yet feeds upon the same delights;
It soars above these scenes of death,
And with the angel-hosts unites.
It is described in heavenly terms;
And in the sacred volume we
Behold it in its beauteous forms,
Beaming with immortality.

'Tis "a good hope,"—its *basis* good,
The everlasting Rock, that no
Assaults of evil can remove,
And quench its power no mortal woe.
Its *object* good,—*eternal life*,
And all the blessedness above,
Beyond this scene of earthly strife,
The land of glory and of love !
Its *influence* is good,—“who hath
This hope himself will purify,”
And in the objects of his faith
The grace of God will magnify.
It is the *central* good,—the grace
That strengthens faith and quickens love ;
It views the smiles on Jesus' face,
And wakens joy like that above.
It is “a lively hope,” and gives
An energy to every grace ;
If it expire, no good survives,—
It is the spring of holiness.
It is a *gladdening* principle,—
It brings the bliss of heaven here,
A blessedness unspeakable,
That whispers death to every fear !

It is "a blessed hope," that hails
 "The bright appearing of our Lord,"
Who gave himself for us, and seals
 Our interest in his glorious Word.
'Tis "sure and steadfast,"—to the soul
 An anchor, that will firm abide,
Though mountain billows round it roll,
 And darkness all earth's prospects hide.
'Tis *sure*,—"it enters in the veil,"
 Anticipates the rest in store;
'Tis *steadfast*,—and the fiercest gale
 Will only make it more secure.
"It maketh not ashamed,"—unlike
 The hopes that perish in an hour,
The flimsy barks that quicksands strike,
 And sink beneath the raging power.
It never disappointed is;
 And its possessor will outlive
The mockery of earthly bliss,
 And everlasting joy receive.
It triumphs over every power;
 The difficulties that arise
Are but the trifles of an hour,
 That it beholds but to despise !

ITS EXERCISE.

In all the sorrows and the cares
Of earthly being, Hope is found
The dear companion of the heirs
Of heaven while on this stranger-ground.
"The Hope of Israel" smiles, and all
The exigencies of this state
Together work in wonderful
Communion, blessings to create.
And as we journey to the land
Whose distant glories beam on this,
Hope doth the energies expand,
And hail the full display of bliss.
And it inspires the heavenward breast
With joys of the same kind they know
Who on the Saviour's bosom rest,
And with a love immortal glow.
'Tis radiant with all the light
That God's perfections can impart,
And sheds o'er the surrounding night
A beauty that delights the heart.

Nor time, nor nature, limits it,
Beyond all measure still it flies,
And charms the pilgrimage of life
With rapture borrowed from the skies.
Amid the sorrows that may frown,
The waves and billows that may roar,
It brightest shines the soul upon,
And mocks the thunder of their power.
"Christ in the vessel" calms all fear ;
Hope for the anchor peace secures ;
And Faith beholds the haven near,
The land of rest, the peaceful shores.
The christian may, when all besides
Are sunk in sorrow, happy be,
While Hope consoles, and charms, and guides,
And shows a bright eternity.
Hope grasps the "precious promises,"
'Tis centred in the blessed word,
And draws its rich supplies of peace
From union with the living Lord.
"In Christ *they* are amen," and claim
The fullest faith and highest hope,
They show the honours of his name
With earth and heaven in their scope,

With Time, and long Eternity,
Included in their wide embrace,
As full of *glory* as they be,
Unto our blessedness, of *grace* !
The holy angel wide unveils
The glories of the sacred page ;
All gospel blessings it unseals,
And shows our "goodly heritage ;"
In present things, and things to come,
Our portion fair, in heavenly strains
She sings, and whispers of sweet home
Amid our struggles and our pains.
In *duties* it inspires delight,
And crowns the toil with light and love ;
It makes us feel as angels bright,
Who do the will of God above.
The sower as he casts the seed
Upon the earth by hope is cheered,—
"Upon the waters cast our bread,"
The promise is with gladness heard.
"It shall not void return ;" this bears
Our spirits up, and charms our fears,
A joyful harvest soon appears,
"We reap in joy, that sow'd in tears."

This consciousness God's servants have,
As to the vineyard they repair;
They know that He is "strong to save,"
And that the word its fruit must bear;
And though some barren spots appear,
The wilderness shall joy assume,
The box and myrtle flourish there,
And roses in the desert bloom.
And if, by some rude blast, the trees
Lie prostrate on the withered ground,
The eye of faith some promise sees,
And "hope against hope" doth abound.
"Although the fig tree blossom not,
Nor fruit upon the vine appear,
Decay affect the olive's root,
The fields defeat the labourer's care,—
The flocks be from the folds removed,
And in the stalls no herds remain,
Yet hope still lingers there, and loved
Remembrance soothes the inward pain.
The soul confiding, sweetly sings,—
'Yet will I in my God rejoice,
In whom alone are all my springs,'
And mercy quells the deepest sighs."

And thus in each adversity
We may be *privileged* to know
Hope never will in silence lie,
But tune our praises in our woe.
“Oh, why art thou cast down, my soul?
Hope thou in God, and praise Him still,”
The raging waves that near thee roll
Are governed by his gracious will.
“What, though in darkness we may sit!
The Lord of Glory is our light,
While his perfections infinite
Illume the shades of blackest night.
And though “His way is in the sea,”
And “clouds and darkness” his abode
From mortals hide, He still will be
A faithful and a gracious God.
The mysteries of Providence
Are not for mortals to define,
And yet in all the sad events
That rise, his love and goodness shine.
The darkest cloud reflects his grace,
The rainbow glistens o’er the deep,
And we behold the hopeful rays,
While in our sorrows we may weep.

And from the anguish of the mind
Such joys are born that were not known,
The soul beneath God's will resigned,
Is never left to weep alone.
The tears that warm the pallid cheek,
But make the soul susceptible
Of joys that mortal cannot speak,
That will eternal praises fill.
Hope shuts the closet door, and sheds
A holy light when prostrate there,
Dispels the gloom that earth o'ershades,
And opens heaven's golden door.
The throne of grace is there displayed,
And hope encircles the bright seat,
Our great High Priest affords his aid,
And hears the pleas that we repeat.
And every petition there
Presented, rises on the wings
Of holy hope, who doth them bear
Unto the gracious King of Kings.
Nor will He ever hope deceive
That rests upon his faithful word,
All will "be done as we believe,"
Each needful grace He will afford.

And, "strengthened in the soul," we rise
From the delightful service there,
Hope, new enkindled from the skies,
Doth for the future walk prepare.
And daily, hourly, as we rise
Above "inferior things," we grow
In meetness for the promised skies,
And for the grand fruition glow.
The more we pray, the more we love,
The dear companion of our way,
And all our steps new blessings prove,
That mercy scatters on our way.
All our experience strengthens this
Supernal grace, and all things met
Together work our glowing bliss,
And earth's poor trifles we forget.
This hope have all the saints, and fast
As time its onward progress makes,
Our troubles lessen, till the last
Into eternal rapture breaks.
There's every encouragement
Afforded to its exercise;
In "Achor's vale" a door is rent,
That opens wide a scene of bliss.

And there the comforts of the Word
Inspire the songs of holy joy,
God's lovingkindness doth afford
A foretaste of the joys on high.
Though captives in this world of woe,
The "prisoners of hope" are we,
The great deliverance we shall know,
And share a "glorious liberty."
Our "hope in Christ" beyond the walls
Of this "clay tabernacle" soars,
And when the earthly building falls,
"A house not made with hands" endures.
The Holy Spirit, by whose power
Our interest in Christ is sealed,
"Helps our infirmities" each hour,
And points us to the end revealed;
When all our imperfection's done,
We shall in glorious bodies stand,
Meet worshippers around the throne,
Worthy to be at God's right hand.
In all our services below
The glories of that world of light,
Hope scatters on our altars now,
And shows us of the Infinite.

In God's own house, the mercy-seat
Is by the sacred light illumed,
The offerings on the altar laid
Are with the holy fire consumed.
The holiest of all's unveiled;
And the bright cherub there permits
The humble soul, with pardon sealed,
To share the hallowed benefits.
There, all the glories of the courts
Above, the soul is favoured to
Anticipate,—there, hope resorts,
And brings the blessed rest in view.
God's lovingkindness in his house
Is pondered, and fresh motives drawn,
While she the hidden glories shows,
That meet and shine around the throne.
There, sweet refreshing draughts are given
Of the pure "river that makes glad
The city of our God," and heaven
Itself, with joys that never fade.
Oh, blessed hope, worth more than all
The gold of earth, a jewel far
Transcending all the store this ball
Contains, richer than diamonds are.

A *growing* treasure this, each day
More bright and glorious it shines,
Until the mortal frame gives way,
The soul its tenement resigns.
As from the sacred arsenal
We take the armour for the field,
Hope is the helmet bright; nor shall
We thus equipped to terror yield.
We hear the sound of victory
Ere yet we meet the mighty foes,
And nerved for strife we see them flee,
As heaven doth for us interpose.
Still cheer us in the "path of life,"
And sanctify each grief we know,
Till from the scenes of care and strife,
To the bright world on high we go.
Inspire our zeal, our love inflame,
Our confidence increase, till we
Approach the brink of "death's cold stream,"
And "leave behind mortality!"
Hope is the bliss of youthful days,
When the long race before us lies,
Which charms the soul as it surveys
The fadeless glory of the prize.

Hope is the joy of manhood's prime,
That makes the sorrows that arise
From the pursuit of things of time,
All vanish, as it climbs the skies.
Hope is the peace of tranquil age
As it is verging on the tomb,
It gilds the mortal heritage
With hues of an immortal bloom.
Hope is the friend of care and toil,
The comforter of sorrow's hour,
Happy beneath her gentle smile,
And proof against all mortal power.
Hope is the minister of peace
When sad afflictions lay us low,
The solace in each keen distress,
The soother of the mourner's woe.
And, oh, what holy thoughts she wakes
Within the bosom towards our God,
And all our feelings there she makes
Submissive to his tender rod.
She makes us see the good intent
Jehovah has in all He does ;
And low in dust as we repent,
A more exceeding bliss she shows.

From every thorn extracts a sweet,
From every pain a pleasure brings,
From every brier that wounds our feet
Some amaranthine flower springs.
From every disappointment, too,
Some real blessing she restores,
Through every cloud affords a view
Of the good land's delightful shores.
From every adverse circumstance
Those lessons draws which we should learn,
And bids us in untoward events
The providence of God discern.
And from the grave she gathers joy,—
The grave where our affections lie,—
She points to yonder world on high,
The land of immortality.
And when the failing body lies,
And languishes away, she stands
And points to the unfading skies,
And holy, tranquil peace commands.
Yes, in the last sad hour she waits
Around the bed and whispers peace,
And beatific joy creates
Which melts in endless blessedness.

This glorious hope consolidates
The thoughts and passions of the mind ;
And thus the soul in *patience* waits,
To the whole will of God resigned.
And by continuance in all
That's lovely and of good report,
We seek for joys unspeakable,
And *glory* past all finite thought ;
For *honour*, lasting as the throne
Of the Eternal, kept in heaven ;
For *immortality* unknown,
Which will be to the faithful given ;
And unto such *eternal* life
Is promised to succeed the toil,
Affliction, sorrow, pain, and strife,
That here we must endure awhile.
We hope for *glory*, brighter far
Than dying mortal here can gain,
That no decay shall ever mar,
That all the faithful shall attain.
An individual dignity,
A lustre and an excellence,
A meetness with the hosts to be,
Who dwell in heaven's magnificence.

We hope for *honour* that will greet
Emancipated spirits there,
As they before Immanuel's feet
Their laurels cast, his welcome share.
And *immortality* will be
Imprest upon the ransomed soul,
The glories of eternity,
That ages strengthen as they roll.
This glorious pursuit alone
Is worthy man's superior powers ;
He keeps his vast endowments down
In trifles, measured by life's hours.
Above the poor, contracted span
Of earthly fame we rise, and meet
The grand possessions meant for man,
And for the vast fruition beat.
This blessed hope exalts, refines,
And lifts the heart's affections higher ;
God's favour on our pathway shines,
And warms our souls "with pure desire."
It concentrates them on the things
That are eternal and sublime,
And in the blest imaginings
Are lost the vain delights of time.

Upon the glorious platform raised
Not "by the works our hands have done,"
(In the whole plan must God be praised,
By him completed, as begun,)
Must we pursue the line thus given,
And work our own salvation here,
Enlightened by the smiles of heaven,
Till we in glory shall appear.
The *motives* all supplied by grace,
By *love divine* from heaven shed,
Which animates us in his ways,
By which our hope and zeal is fed ;
All centreing in the one great end—
The glory of our God on high :
Thus must we every talent spend
To gain immortal usury.
According to His rule shall we
By a right way the goal attain,
With the successful victors be
Crowned on the beatific plain.
Instructed by the Word, which shines
As light upon the pilgrim way,
Which the intricate path divines
That issues in "unclouded day."

“Patient continuance” in each strife,
Each suffering, that our course may bring;
“Through tribulation” enter life,
And through the Cross the triumph sing!
To labour and to wait is ours,
To persevere in duty still,
And we shall share the “heavenly powers,”
To guard and keep us from all ill;
Till we, according to His Word,
Shall all the blessedness possess
That everlasting days afford,
And glory crown the work of grace!

LOVE.

" Oh, let the love that makes me blest
With cheerful praise inspire my breast

And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To Thee, my Father and my Friend,

My soul's eternal good.
Dart from thine own celestial flame
One vivid beam to warm my frame

With kindred energy:
Mark thine own image on my mind,
And teach me to be good and kind,
And love and bless like Thee ! "

Henry Moore.

LOVE OF GOD.

" Love is of God, for *God is love* ; "

He fills with *joy* the world of light,
And every angel-soul above
Derives it from the Infinite.

His love the basis is of all
The dear affections that are found
In that bright world or on this ball,
That to Him or to man abound.
This is the aspect in which we
Can look upon Him, 'mid the vast
Perfections of infinity,
Above our thoughts and reason past;
Yet so revealed, that we behold
The sovereign Monarch of the skies,
Who doth his will to us unfold
In mercy and in righteousness.
The God of Love! this is his name,
This crowns all other attributes;
His *goodness* all his works proclaim,
But nature partly it computes.
"The work of grace" displays its grand
Eternal glories, high as heaven
And fathomless as hell, his hand
Redeems from death as man's *forgiven*!
That Love's by inspiration told,
Its vastness pictured, in degree
That man its beauties may behold,
And interested in it be.

Great is the love wherewith He loves,
And *undeserved* by fallen man ;
And *sovereign* as his pleasure moves,
And *manifest* in Mercy's plan.
Abiding Love,—in it He *rests*,
And over his redeemed delights,—
This all his attributes invests
With beauty that *our* love excites.
Unfailing Love,—“ the names of all
His saints are graven on his hands ;”
And they shall never faint nor fall,
Because their safety He commands.
Constraining Love,—it draws our hearts,
And with strong bands maintains their close
Connection with himself, nor parts
The union all that can oppose.
And *everlasting* Love,—from long
Eternity unfolding, to
Display itself in time, and through
All future ages still to flow.
Exhibited to mortal sight
In twice ten thousand Godlike ways,
But chiefest in that infinite
Display of sovereign, *saving* grace,

In *giving* Christ ! " He loved us so,
That He spared not his only Son,"
But gave Him up to mortal woe,
That our salvation might be won.
In *sending* Christ,—herein is love,
That *He* should on the mission come
The Father's love to man to prove,
And welcome to a heavenly home.
In Christ *himself* God's love we see,
And only *here* can we behold
Its *depths*, " the incarnate mystery "
Doth all his marvelous grace unfold.
" He came to seek the *lost*,"—to die
For sinners, for his enemies;
Life to the dying to supply,
And to the miserable, bliss.
All the perfections of His love
Are in the cross of Christ displayed;
Unquenchable did there it prove,
" Stronger than death " in power arrayed.
" It passeth knowledge ; " yet its source,
Its deeds, its end, we may perceive,
And passing precious in its course
" Unto as many as believe."

Immortal, and unchangeable,
And indissoluble, it is ;
What principle or power shall
Deprive us of its blessedness ?
With joy we contemplate the grand
Developments that Mercy shows ;
The view doth sacred awe command,
And obligations vast disclose.
His mercy great appears, when we
Review our fallen, rebel state ;
To pardon such iniquity,
The love of Mercy must be great !
And "He is *rich* in mercy" too ;
His grace is vast enough to save
A ruined world, if it should bow,
And pardon at his footstool crave !
"*Abundant mercy*,"—like the sea,—
A fulness that can never fail ;
That blesses, yet can never be
Impoverished though it give to *all* !
And *manifold* as are our wants,
So doth His gracious love abound ;
There's no good thing but that He grants,
When we are at his footstool found.

The "covenant of His love" is *sure*,
Including grace for every need;
And as we prove Him, he will pour
The blessing down for which we plead.
With *tender* love He views his saints,
And "like a *Father* pitieth;"
He listens to their sad complaints,
And ever hears "the prayer of faith."
"Mercy is His *delight*," and He
Doth, in the fulness of his grace,
To all the human family
Continually say, "Seek ye my face."
High as the heavens His mercy reigns,—
Wide as the world its vast display,—
Deep as the gulf of endless pains,—
Long as the light of endless day!
To *enemies* displayed,—to men
"Laden with sins,"—to saints it is
Made perfect,—and renewed again
To erring souls who lose the bliss.
He *calls* to sinners, wandering far
Along the road that leads to woe,
And bids them to the Cross repair,—
The fount that doth with love o'erflow.

He *comforts* saints who feel his love,
And leads them with his strong right hand,
Until his mercy shall remove
And plant them in "the better land."
He bids the poor backslider come,
And double pardon will bestow;
Invites the sinful wanderer home,
And double joy o'erwhelms his woe.
Oh, matchless mercy! peerless love!
Can any heart its hardness keep?
It tunes the angel-harps above,—
Sweet tears of joy let mortals weep!

LOVE TO GOD.

"We love Him, for He first loved us:"
Here is the ground for mortal love,
This is the sole, efficient cause
That must our warmest passions move.
Disinterested love combines
With love of gratitude for all
The blessedness which it divines,—
The gift of God unspeakable.

For what God *is*, as well as *does*,
The love commanded doth embrace;
And every heart affected shows
The influence of the crowning grace.
The *first* appeal is ever made
To the mere selfish part of man;
The hope of good will him persuade
When not another motive can.
But this will blossom into love,
Like that which angel-spirits feel,
Who in the world of light above
From holy impulse do His will!
Within the soul it may *begin*,
As we anticipate the good
Which we ourselves may feel within;
But the great *end* will be pursued,
And purified by intercourse
With the supreme display of love;
Invigorated from the source
That spreads its influence above,
It will partake its *kind*, though far
In measure it may be below,
As the sun's light illumines the star
Which doth its borrowed light bestow.

Perfection this of mortal love,
Which it will emulate while here,
And in the blest abode above
In full orb'd radiance will appear !
Thus true *self-love* in its grand form,
Divested of its narrowness,
The bosom that it deigns to warm
Will fill with heaven's supernal bliss !
It mingles with the love that burns
In the celestial circle, where
The eye of God no fault discerns,—
A flame immortally pure.
'*Tis at the Cross* that love is born,
Where faith and hope began their course ;
Of all that's good in man, alone
This is the centre and the source.
Here God's perfections all are known,
And seen to be admired ; here we
His mercy and his truth are shown,
Justice and grace in unity ;
His holiness and love are joined,
And shed their mingled beauty here ;
His Holy Spirit moves the mind,
And each perfection doth endear.

Here light and love commingling melt
The heart in tenderness before
Unknown, and sacred joys are felt
As we the heart of God explore.
The love of God as seen in Christ
Doth love to holiness create ;
With his beneficence imprest
The soul doth with new feelings beat.
The love of gratitude, the love
Of fond delight, awakened there,
Will every motive, passion, move,
And God will each affection share.
All that in God inspires with awe
The sinless creatures 'round the throne
While they adore, delight, and love,
Is to the pardoned sinner shown :
The glorious character of God
In all its fulness is expressed ;
The raptures of the blest abode
Subdue, inflame, and charm the breast :
The Cross displays his holiness
In all its wondrous purity ;
His justice and His righteousness
In manifest severity ;

His jealousy in all its vast
Consuming terrors there descried,
The soul would view the scene aghast,
With pain and horror stupified.
But there His *love* o'er all supreme
In its infinitude is shown,
His pity in its tenderness,
His mercy marvellously drawn,
The fulness of compassion there,
The freeness of His grace displayed,
And faith, and hope, and love, and fear,
And thankful joy, the soul pervade !

EXHORTATIONS.

This is the great command, "Love God
With all thine heart, and soul, and power,"
Who doth thy path with goodness load ;
Bless Him, and praise Him, and adore !
To take heed to His holy way,—
To cleave unto His holy law,—
To love Him, and that love display,
In serving Him with "reverent awe."

Above all sacrifices this,
The inward spiritual power,
The union of the soul with His,
That doth eternal life secure.
'Tis ours through the great motive given,
To build up faith and strengthen love,
To pray unto the Lord of heaven,
The promise of this life to prove.
"Oh, love the Lord, ye saints of His,"
His word, His providence, proclaims,
This is the blissful road to bliss,
That every faithful soul inflames.
"Abide in love," the Saviour saith,
"And my commandments all fulfil;"
The work of love, of hope, of faith,
Is to perform His holy will;
In all its wide requirements to
Find sacred pleasure and delight;
"The path of life" He deigns to show,
And sweetly doth the soul invite.
Love is the dwelling of the saints
That charms them while they here remain,
It is their great inheritance
Beyond these scenes of strife and pain.

"Who dwells in love doth dwell in God,"

And of His blessedness partakes,
That's perfected in the abode
Where nothing the enjoyment breaks.

In *love* our *faith* is grounded; this
Is the delightful evidence
Of "faith unfeigned" that worketh bliss,
And this our "blessed hope" cements.

The love of God must ever be
The paramount affection; "who
Loves father, mother, more than me,
Can never my approval know."

Thus everything, however dear,
Must at the Cross forgotten be,
And nothing must with Christ *compare*,
On whom *entirely* we rely.

The fond affections which we owe
Are not dissolved, but rendered more
Abiding as we all forego

The more exceeding claim before;
That wondrous love displayed will melt

Our hearts in tenderness—while *all*
Is given the loss is never felt
As we before His footstool fall.

That *state of mind* is here enjoined
That willingly with all *would* part,
Its happiness in Him to find
Who claims an undivided heart !
And this will *purify* the love
We bear to them who're justly dear,
It will our best affections prove,
And make our love to all, *sincere*.
By the great mercies of our God
Are we besought our all to give,
His love in us is shed abroad
That we may to His glory live.
"A living sacrifice" He claims,
A holy gift "acceptable,
A reasonable service," too,
To whom belong our souls, our all !
By every motive the appeal
Is made, and can we ever be
To the demand insensible
That's crown'd with Love beyond degree ?
Jesus, the Lord of Life and Love,
Saw man engulfed in sin and woe,
And came from His bright Throne above
"To suffer, bleed, and die" below !

He gave Himself an offering,
He died to wash our sins away,
He rose to intercede for us,
His saving power to display.
The love wherewith He loved us,
All knowledge passes, and appeals
To every passion of the soul,—
Experience, endless glory seals.
Behold and see if ever love
Was like it in degree or kind,
Its blessings and its glories prove,
And endless life and pleasure find !
The love of Christ by saints beheld,
Is to be copied and displayed,
As His epistles seen of men,
Unto His glory to be read.
As He hath loved us, must we
Our brethren love, and shed around
The blessed principles that He
Discovered on this earthly ground.
The apostolic precept takes
The lesson which Immanuel gave,
With like authority it speaks,
And doth the same obedience crave,

“As children walk in Love,” as He
Our great Exemplar loved us,
And *gave* His life on Calvary—
Must we be actuated thus !
Have we not noble *precedents*,
The immediate followers of Christ,
Who at all hazards and events
Their love to others thus exprest ?
“Who counted not their precious lives
As dear,” that they might *useful* be ?
The holy *principle* survives,
And if in kind, in its degree,
The love of Christ will *us* constrain
To give, if needed, life away,
And we shall smile in martyr pain
As we its deathless power display !
“Not love in word alone” must be,
But “love in truth, in fact, in *deed*,”
Our faith and hope in *this* must we,
Or *they* are nothing found, exceed !
Love must be actual, not the voice
Of sentiment alone, *supreme*,
The soul’s delightful, settled choice,
And not the fancy of a dream !

The ardent longing of a soul
In its dear object satisfied,
Immortal, and unquenchable,
Willing to part with all beside.
Its increase evermore desired,
Till perfected, it shall enjoy
The blessedness to be acquired
In the pure realms of light on high !

INSTANCES.

What dear memorials are given
Of love, upon the sacred page,
Like angel-spirits sent from heaven
To charm us in our pilgrimage.
The deeds performed—the words they said,
Are left for our example here
And as the instances are read
The blessed virtue they endear.
Who can *that* picture trace, so full
Of all that's humble, holy, kind,
And not admire the beautiful
In unpretending love defined,

When, at the Pharisee's request,
The lovely Saviour condescends
To be of such a man the guest,
And to his house His footsteps bends ?
"A woman of the city who
Had been a sinner," when she knew
That Jesus sat at meat, would go
And there her pure affection shew ;
"A box of alabaster" bear,
"Of precious ointment ;" and she stands
Behind the Saviour, weeping there
Such tears as love alone commands ;
She bathes his feet with them, and wipes
Them with her hair, and then
Anoints them with the ointment rare ;
Nor was her proof of love in vain.
The tears of penitence that flow
Are grateful to the Saviour's heart,
He sees the fond affection glow
When we prefer "the better part."
Love weeps in anguish at his feet,
And *all that it possesses gives*,
And Jesus does the mourner greet,
And sweet returns the soul receives.

He hears the sighs of hearts sincere,
Each proof of love with joy He views,
He sees a beauty in each tear
That doth the eye of faith suffuse.
"She loved much, He much forgave,"
And as *we* view our many sins
We praise the love that deigns to save,
And love proportionate evince.
And while the "self sufficient" fail,
The humble penitent in tears,
Though once "the vilest of the vile,"
A welcome suppliant appears.
Foremost among the holy few,
The first disciples of the Lord,
The loved, "the loving one," we view,
And his devotedness record.
We see him leaning on the breast
Of his beloved Master now,
As if he were the only guest
To whom He would the bliss allow.
At the Transfiguration he
Was privileged to see the great
Display of glory, one of three
The heavenly wonders to repeat.

First at the sepulchre was he
On the auspicious morning when
Immanuel rose triumphantly,
For evermore to live and reign ;
And when an exile it was given
To him the mysteries to see
Of promised and expected heaven,
The church's glorious legacy.
His life was love ; and when by age
O'ercome the flame was still alive,
And Love would still his thoughts engage,
And still would He its lessons give.
" My little children, dwell in love,"
These were his latest words, enforced
By the dear precept of his Lord,
By his experience endorsed.
The " loving one " would talk of love,
And all his teachings wear its charm,
And this will human bosoms move,
When terrors cannot them alarm.
" The love of God " his motto was,
And by its calm yet grand display
He rivets us upon the Cross,
And shows " the Life, the Truth, the Way ! "

The Gospel in its loveliest traits,
He sets before us to admire,
We see it in its glory blaze,
It warms our hearts with heavenly fire.
Each chord within his loving breast
With holy sympathy would move,
And every truth by him expressed,
Was charged, directed, crowned with love !
The record which his name assumes
The holy trait discovers ; each
Delightful narrative presents
The love which Jesus came to teach.
Love breathes through all the lines he penned,
The dear epistles to us given,
To show us how this life to spend,
To love on earth,—to love in heaven.
To all who love the Saviour he
Must ever be a favourite,
He seems on Jesus' family
To look from heaven with delight.
His exhortations, like the songs
Of holy seraphs, charm the ear,
While low in dust we mourn the wrongs,
The sad divisions that appear.

Ah, yes ! the *source* from whence he drew
The blessed impulses he knew,
Is open to believers now,
And we may fill our vessels too.
'Twas at *the Cross* his love was warmed,
And daily intercourse renewed
The hallowed flame that in him burned,
And all his sympathies imbued.
'Tis there that we must fall, and feel
The power of that love divine
Which in its application will
Our sympathies with Jesus' join.
'Tis there the deathless principle
Is born, to ripen for the skies,
Immortal and ineffable,—
The perfectness of Paradise !
We see the love exemplified
In the first followers of the Lamb,
The holy fire in *all* descried,
Though many *colours* mark the flame.
The eminently "loving one,"
On whom we look, and looking, love,
Is but the favourite specimen
Of stars, that round their circle move.

“The great Apostle,” dignified
In flaming deeds of holy zeal,
With him is worthy, side by side,
The long admiring gaze to fill.
In *one* the amiable traits
Of nature, trained by love divine,
Exhibit the supernal grace
In full-orb’d rays that sweetly shine ;
And in the *other*,—all the bold,
The native daring’s brought to view,
By love directed,—we behold
The Hero and the Angel too !
The signal victory of love
Over the strong determined force
Of proud hostility—’twill move
The soul that *might* will not coerce.
And all the impulses so strong
That stirred his ardent soul, were then
From the pursuit of mighty wrong
Directed to the good of men.
And from the hostile ranks thus won,
With what determination he
Becomes a subject of Christ’s throne,
“A soldier of the Cross” to be !

“ Christ crucified ” his darling theme,
Henceforth his hope, his love, his joy ;
He seeks to propagate the faith
That “ once he laboured to destroy.”
In his “ abundant labours ” we
His zeal and love united view,
In all unhesitatingly
Determined Jesus’ will to do.
That prayer awakened, when he felt
The sovereign power of saving grace,
His stubborn spirit sweetly melt,
While angels cried, “ Behold, he prays,”
Was ever after his desire,
“ Lord, what wilt thou have me to do ? ”
With dauntless zeal and quenchless fire
Did he the work divine pursue.
“ Constrained by *love* ” in all he did—
This was the mighty principle
Enthroned within his soul, that bade
Him for the Saviour *give up all !*
The ties of kindred and the joys
That wealth and station bade him seize,
Did he most nobly sacrifice,
And deem the Cross *above all these !*

Oh, what a course to contemplate,
What love, what courage, what success !
Well may we designate him *great*,
Admire, and emulate his ways !
What persecutions he went through,
What dangers braved he in his course,
What toils, what journeys, and what woe,—
He took, he bore, he *loved* the Cross !
The love which broke the strongest ties,
That bade him give up all for Christ,
But stronger made his sympathies,
Which were in fondest terms exprest.
It was his "heart's desire" that they
Of Israel's line might be in Christ,—
His "prayer to God" continually
That they might all "be saved" and blest.
So great, indeed, his love, so deep
And ardent his solicitude,
With heaviness too great to weep,
He longed to see them turned to God.
The spring of all his wondrous zeal
Was the amazing love of Christ :
The flame was so intense and real
That burned within his holy breast,

That life itself and all its bliss
Was but a secondary thought,
And if required, a sacrifice,
Was daily to the altar brought.
This was the power of faith imbued
With holy love, whence all its might,
An offering of gratitude,
Devoted to the Infinite.
With rapturous exultation he
Records the power of that love,
Constraining him "all things to be,"
That he might ever useful prove.
It was before the Cross that *he*
His obligations realized;
He saw *the Lamb of Calvary*,
The only object to be prized.
This is the place, the only place,
Where we His claims can realize
In all their fulness, here, to grace
Discover our indebtedness.
The *light* of love illumines the whole,
The *warmth* of love inspires the breast,
The *power* of love constrains the soul,
The *claims* of love are there imprest.

Admiring all the instances

That loving mortals have displayed,
The borrowed brightness of their rays
Directs us to the living Head.

And bids us there admire, adore
The grace illustriously displayed,
And the immortal source before
Our opening hands invoking spread.

There learn the lessons, there receive
The power He waiteth to bestow,
Henceforth unto His praise to live,
And realize a heaven below.

The moving principle was love,
The love of Jesus, in the grand
Achievements we admiring view
Of all the Apostolic band.

All that they suffered, dared, and did,
Was by the wondrous power impelled,
The costly sacrifices made,
The toils, the labours, deeds untold.

Friends, home, and kindred they forsook,
And compassed sea and land, to bear
The tidings of salvation by
A crucified Redeemer, there.

They persevered, unstopped by power
That hostile aspects ever wore,
Undaunted by the bonds, and bars,
The scourges, prisons, them before.
The impulses of love divine,
Nor life, nor death, could check, destroy ;
The suffering, the threat, the fire,
They triumphed over, "counted joy."
Where is the love that filled their breasts ?
Where is the power that nerved their arms ?
Are they departed mortal guests,
That ceased when silenced their alarms ?
And have they no successors *now* ?
Are we so hard, so sensual, grown ?
Where is the heaven-directed brow,
The confidence in God *alone* ?
Oh, could we form the estimate
Of heaven and earth aright, as we
The love of Jesus contemplate,
As warm and zealous we should be !
Oh, that we could the altar *raise*,
The fire of heaven would burn thereon ;
No more the short impulsive blaze
That leaves the heart as cold as stone ;

A steady, constant, growing flame,
That would consume, absorb, the soul,
And glorify Immanuel's name,
Who claims, and who deserves, the whole.
Then would no *service* He commands,
Be thought or felt a weariness ;
No *sacrifice* that He demands
Deduct an atom from our bliss ;
No *labour* be refused, or done
Half-heartedly,—the will of God
The constant study be—the crown
The blessed hope while on the road !

LOVE TO MAN.

If we have realized "the love
Of God"—our hearts expanding will
Its blessed life and power prove,
And we shall *all* His Law fulfil.
"The *first* and great command" prepares
Our hearts the *second* law to hear ;
Nor can the first *alone* be ours,—
Diffusive, if it is sincere.

For "thou shalt love thy *neighbour*" is
Appended to the great command,
At once "our duty and our bliss ;"
The happiness of heaven planned.
"Love is of God"—this generous
Benignant influence, that binds
In holy happy brotherhood
The ransomed hosts of "kindred minds."
If God so love the world as to
Provide the amazing sacrifice
In his own Son, and him bestow,
An argument for love supplies.
Thus ought we, after its display,
To love each other—this must be
The blessed standard on the way,
And the full joy eternally.
"We love the Lord because he first
Loved us,"—so none can ever say
We really love, unless that love
In holy deeds its power display.
If one profess that love, and "hate
His brother," it is neutralized ;
'Tis but a wretched counterfeit
To be by God and man despised.

“ For he who loveth not the man
Whom he hath seen, how can he love
The blessed God he hath not seen,”
Who dwells in light and bliss above ?
Directly from Him the command
Is given, “ that he who loveth God
Should love his brother too”—this band
Unites in one the brotherhood.
This is God’s will—and this obeyed
Exerts an influence far and near,
While by the keen-eyed world ’tis said,
“ How kind and loving christians are.”
This was the rule that He we love
To his disciples gave, “ that ye
Love one another as I prove
My love” in all sincerity.
“ By this shall all men know,” He said,
That ye are my disciples ;” thus
Is heavenly light around us shed,
And Jesus glorified in us.
Once and again did He direct
Them to that wondrous proof of his,
That love in kind He would expect
For other’s good, and their own bliss !

To this the "loving one" refers,
 " That we should live in love as He
Had given commandment," and refuse
 Such happy deference shall we ?
Shall not the blessed law direct ?
 The holy motives move our breast ?
The dear example us affect,
 On all our words and deeds imprest ?
To this the "zealous one" directs,
 Exhorting to all tenderness ;
Forgiving, loving—this His text,
 " As Christ himself hath loved us."
" Be therefore followers of God ;
 As his dear children, *walk in love* ;"
This is the hallowed pleasant road
 That draws its fragrance from above.
This is the first great lesson learned,
 As "taught of God," we do his will ;
The twofold duty is discerned
 Toward Him and all men to fulfil.
" Faith *works* by love," it ever is
 An active principle that moves
The heart, the mind, the hands to bless,—
 He is most *useful* who most loves.

“Labours of love” are works of joy,
And occupied at God’s behest,
Each zealous act doth bliss supply,
And blessing, we are “doubly blest.”
The generous display is an
Especial object of God’s smile,
As we regard our fellow man
We meet the tenour of His will.
Particularly as we do
An act of kindness to His saints,
Concerned our sympathy to show
In helping them in their complaints.
He’s not unfaithful to forget
The work of love we show towards them,
For ministering thus we set
An honour on the christian name.
’Tis in the light of the great day
We see the worth of holy love;
Christ teaches us to look away
From earth to that grand scene above,
When He shall in his glory come,
Attendant angels bless his name,
The righteous their bright crowns assume,
The wicked sink in endless shame.

“Then shall the King say unto them
Upon his right hand, ‘Come ye blest—
The kingdom see for you prepared,
And in my favour ever rest.’”
There is an intimate, a grand
Connection faith and works between,
And the reward, at God’s right hand,
The bright, the soul-enrapturing scene.
And yet no sense of *merit* is
Included in this view of bliss,
The *power* to do—the *will* to bless,
Are through the Saviour’s righteousness.
The moving cause *His* love—the end
The *glory* of His precious name,
And the reward a *gift* remains,
Our privilege and not our claim !
The “cup of water in His name,”
The simplest act of charity,
From holy filial love to Him,
Will not by Heaven forgotten be.
“For I was hungry, and ye gave
Me food, and thirsty, drink supplied;”
By hands outstretched the poor to save,
The God of Pity’s glorified.

"I was a stranger and ye took
Me in—and naked, clothed me."
When we upon the needy look
With pity, God complacently
Regards the tenderness we show,
He owns the deed, and will reward;
"Who lendeth to the poor below
Lends to a good and righteous Lord."
"I was in prison, and ye came,
The visit was to *me*,"—thus God,
Who mercy owns his darling name,
Marks the "good work" from his abode.
"And inasmuch as it is done
Unto the least among his saints,
'Tis done unto the Holy One,"
Who will avenge them their complaints.
Love's an *abiding* principle,
"It never fails"—'tis the best gift
The christian hath, that covers all,
And doth the soul to heaven lift.
It maketh man an angel here,
And from the silver fountains filled
He sheds a blessedness where'er
He lives and moves, as God hath willed.

This holy, heavenly, benign,
Transcendent gift, makes man a fit
Inhabitant below, to shine
In future glory infinite !
"Above, and over all," its place
In the blest category given,
Of every excellence and grace
That's worthy of a child of heaven.
The great Apostle instances
Its high superiority,
And bids us ever covet this,
And our profession glorify.
"For though the tongues" that men employ,
Or even angels, in the bright
Abodes of everlasting joy,
Were ours, 'twere but a poor delight,
Without the love that gives a charm
To every gift, and crowns each grace ;
But "tinkling cymbals" all our words,
And our professions "sounding brass."
And though the gift of prophecy
And knowledge in all mysteries,
And faith that bids the mountains flee,
Were ours—we're *nothing* without this !

“And though (without its *motive*) we
Give all our goods to feed the poor,
Our substance spend in charity,
And clothe the beggar at the door,—
And though we give our body to
The martyr’s flame, unless it be
The dictate of the feeling true,
The sacrifice is vanity!”
This is the character of love,
“It suffers long, is ever kind,
It envies none, doth patient prove,
’Tis more to heaven than earth inclined.”
It vaunteth not itself, and is
An enemy to nought but *pride*;
It never is puffed up with this,
Its aim is to be “edified.”
Its sweet demeanour ever kind,
Unseemly never, angel-like,
The beauty of a heavenly mind,
That doth the chords of mercy strike.
“Love seeketh not its own,” it is
Of all that’s earthly, mean, and low,
The cardinal antithesis,
That doth with heaven’s own beauty glow.

“It is not easily provoked;”
The opposition and the strife
That mocks its beauty’s overlooked,
They cannot touch the *hidden life* !
“It thinks no evil,” each surmise
Suspicious souls are wont to bear,
’Tis never known to exercise,
No room for aught unworthy there.
Nothing opposed to truth can be
Rejoiced in, or by it approved,—
God ever hates iniquity,
And not one sin’s by it beloved.
“All things it bears” as Jesus did,
And aims his conduct to evince,—
Were ever any like *Him* chid,
Reviled like Him, before or since ?
“All things” that claim a creature’s faith
It steadfastly, unmoved, “believes,”
And plumed with love, Hope entereth
Within the veil, and bliss receives.
“Endureth all things”—as it warms
With inward ardour, looking through
The vista that the passage forms
To the celestial heights in view !

“Love never dies,” but all the powers
Of tongues and prophecies shall cease;
The high attainments knowledge yields,
With earth and time away shall pass.
Love and its attributes shall grow
Until perfection is complete,—
All that is gross be left below,
And love in full fruition beat!
All virtue’s centred in its power,
All beauties mingle in its rays,—
In heaven it reigns for evermore,
The light, the glory, of the place.
This is the grace the Spirit gives,
That sheds a lustre on the rest,
That sojourns here (in heaven lives)
A blessed and a blessing guest.
Especially enjoined on *those*
To whom the truth’s committed to
Communicate (the man who shows
The path to heaven the way must know):
Examples of benevolence,
Patterns of love, that those who hear
May imitate their excellence,
And to their joy the witness bear.

Love tunes the lips of angels, sent
To minister unto the heirs
Of heaven in their banishment,
To comfort equal to their cares.
Love sanctifies the preacher's voice,
As with the comforts of the Word
He bids the righteous soul rejoice
In the salvation of the Lord.
Love gilds the terrors he declares,
And with "inviting voice" subdues
The sinner's heart,—no more he dares
The messages of Christ refuse.
Love animates the whole elect,
In every path that duty draws;
Love is at once the grand effect,
The absolute and only cause.
It is the essence and the source
Of all vitality and power
In piety,—the gentle force
That drives all obstacles before.
It is the brightest feature borne
Upon the character, that gives
A beauty to each other one
That God complacently perceives.

Love is the air religion breathes,
The freshness of eternal morn,
From the fair scenes of heavenly bliss,
Upon the wings of seraphs borne.
Love is the fruit of piety,
Spontaneously appearing there,
The Deity to glorify,
And this wide wilderness to cheer.
Love is the spring of every good
That marks the footsteps of the saint;
The holy way by him pursued
Is sanctified by many a "print,"
Reminding of the rich display;
Apostles, martyrs, holy men,
Have journeyed in the glorious way,
And "seeing we take heart again."
Love is engraved on all the deeds
Of pious heroism we
With admiration contemplate,
Oh, for its measure and degree!
Its *presence* is the test of all
The loud professions we may make,
And they are nothing if we fail
To bear the Cross for its own sake.

Love, in its mightiness supreme,
Evinced toward God, the great, the good,
Will like His own, in one wide stream,
Flow out and bless the brotherhood.
Love is a plant of heavenly mould,
That will not grow within the breast
That's earthly, sensual, and cold,—
Only where God himself's a guest.
It is the grace that he has given,
That his good Spirit feeds and warms;
On which alights the smile of heaven,
Amid earth's piercing wintry storms.
Love is the Spirit's choicest fruit,
Fragrant as Paradise is Love;
Its beauty charms us, while its root
And glory is in heaven above.

REASONS.

The noble hearted sons of God
Will ever seek a large increase
By the good Spirit shed abroad,
"Unto the glory of His grace."

The exhortations they will heed,
 "Precept on precept given" to guide;
Nor from the pleasant paths they lead
 Will they be found to turn aside.
Alas ! how much is needed now
 The constant admonition, to
Put on the "bowels of mercy," how
 Forgetful of the debt we owe.
"Above all put on Charity,
 Which is the bond of perfectness,"—
May well stir up our memory
 In such an age of selfishness.
"Good will towards man," the angels sung,
 "And peace on earth," when Christ was born;
Be this the theme of every tongue,
 Let this each frozen bosom warm.
While fond attachment to the host
 Of God's elect, is ever shown,
Pity will weep, and "seek the lost,"
 Who *perish* if they're left alone.
While fondness will itself evince
 In all the partners of our faith,
Our fellow-men engulfed in sins
 We fain would snatch from endless death.

Are we the purchase of that Love
That knows no bounds, that *died* to save ?
And shall we not our calling prove,
While pity makes our efforts brave ?
Do we degrade our love in this,
When matchless pity stooped from heaven,
Forsook its grandeur and its bliss,
That ruined man might be forgiven ?
Are *we* by nature better than
The guilty race so sunk in shame ?
Let every man be loved as *man*,
While we the guiltiest would reclaim.
Where tender *pity* moves the breast,
And generous *sympathy* obtains,—
Where fond *affection* is imprest,
A love like Jesus' lives and reigns !
Oh, what a glorious scene before
Our sight would rise, if love in all
Its proper full grown virtues were
To mark the church (God wills it shall).
'Twould be a sight for angels to
Look down upon from Paradise ;
And God himself the scene would view
Complacently,—'twould hell surprise !

'Twould more *resemble* heaven at least,—
'Twould bless the world that mocks it now,—
'Twould many bring unto the feast,
Who really are *afraid* to go !
Instead of "love within the gates,"
Too often *pride* is there, that lifts
Its haughty head, for homage waits,
"Puffed up" with wealth and sundry gifts.
There "love of power" will sometimes meet
The opening heart that looks for love,
Its presence in the ranks to greet,
Of brethren, who towards heaven move.
Almost too much for love to bear,
The indications sometimes seen,
And were it not intense, sincere,
'Twould not the circle stay within.
"Speaking the *truth* in love" is still
A precept binding—be it told
That contrary to Jesus' will,
"The love of many waxes cold."
Collective coldness do we view ?
Let *individual* effort be
The remedy—let each renew
His intercourse with Calvary !

“ We want more love,” is often said,
This is the want, the chiefest, best,
Of all the graces, be *it* shed
Abroad, it pledges all the rest !
Above all things be love put on
The place of greatest honour it
Demands,—the place of highest trust,
Including every benefit.
The Bond of Faith,—of Hope the crown,—
The Christ-like virtue made for man,—
The smile of God to meet the frown
Of wrath and envy,—Mercy’s plan !
The strength, the bulwark, of the soul,—
The brightest jewel of the breast,—
The ornament to gem the whole,—
The robe in which are angels drest !
A sacred bond, a guarantee
For all that God commands, requires,
Perfection’s germ—in *its* degree
The christian’s perfect, and aspires
To that completion, when he shall
Be found entire, “ without a spot,”
In light and love ineffable,
Where nothing can the beauty blot.

“ The bond of perfectness” *within*,
Constraining an *obedience*
To all the dictates heaven has given,
And from all evil abstinence.
Producing *perfect trust* in Him
Whose promises of love delight,
Whose mercy in an endless stream,
Flows sweetly from the Infinite.
Perfect repose, “ a peace that all
Imagination passes,” love
“ Casts out all fear,” the storms that fall
Can never its foundation move !
And *perfect holiness* doth love
Secure, where it rules every power,
(As in the world of joy above)
Sin never has dominion more.
It is the “ bond” of hallowed, full
Devotement to the cause of heaven ;
The dedication of the whole
Life, body, soul, to Jesus given !
It is the “ bond of *union*,” too,
Among “ the followers of the Lamb ;”
Without it there can be no true
Association, vain its *name*.

Whatever there may be beside,
 Whatever ties may men connect,
If holy love doth not preside,
 No lasting good can we expect.
It is the "bond of perfect peace,"
 The ground of effort, as it joins
In works of general usefulness,
 As in one drift it all combines.
Perfect in love—the *church* presents
 A front, that nothing can suppress,
And guided by Omnipotence,
 Upon the *world* will it agress.
The sympathy of Christ, thus found
 Among his followers, will ensure
The promises, and Zion's bound
 Will equal her inherent power.
Unto this end must everything
 That tends to weaken be put down,
And all that will offences bring,
 Be to the winds of heaven thrown.
Auspicious era ! glorious dawn !
 " As for the morning " wait for this ;
Bid every obstacle be gone
 That hinders the expected bliss !

Let all that's holy, dear in love,
Be emulated, till the day
Of perfect purity shall prove
The consummation of its sway.
There is a *power* that prevails,—
Less needed is it *now* than when
The cries of God's elect of yore
Brought down the blessing!—*pray* again!
As with one voice cry mightily
Unto the gracious One, who bends
To hear "the prayer of faith," and He
Will hear the plea that thus ascends.
Let love our hearts inflame, and draw
Us to the footstool of our King,
And blessings such she never saw,
Shall make the church enraptured sing!
This "love unfeigned" will ever do,
Its sweetest voice is heard in prayer,
And God will his approval show,
And every heart his smile shall share.
Love will induce us often, when
Alone, upon our thoughts, to bear
Before the throne, our brethren,
And shall we not "be often there"?

It will constrain our cheerful feet
Unto the courts of the Most High,
Where brethren together meet
For necessary *grace* to cry.
Love never will forget the ground
On which the obligations rest,
And often at his footstool found
The tender prayer will be exprest.
"For *all men*" will the christian pray,
(His heart's desire no limit knows,
Wide as the world itself,) that they
May cease to be the Almighty's foes.
That disobedient, wicked men,
May be arrested by his grace;
That they may hear the Gospel, then
Obey its dictates, "seek his face."
A heart thus influenced will not miss
Especially to pray for those
Whose interests are one with his,—
One family the saints compose.
A duty this that nothing can
Dissever from the debt we owe,
To fellow-saints and fellow-men,—
Love flows from God—from *us* must flow!

And what a dear example we
In Jesus' conduct may behold,—
How often did he bow the knee,
In desert tracks, and mountains cold.
With what intense solicitude
For his disciples did he pray,
How was his heart with love imbued,
Nor man's nor angel's tongue can say.
Like him, the good in every age,
Were men of love, and men of prayer:
True greatness knows no selfishness,
No narrow, paltry, anxious care,
And were no bright *example* given,
No promptings from the force of love,
That it is *the command* of heaven
"To pray for all," enough would prove.
And in this scene of ill, where can
We look abroad and not perceive
Some case of pain, some fellow-man,
Whom we're not able to relieve?
And shall not prayer, the breath of love,
Ascend to our Redeemer there,
That he would kind and gracious prove,
And comfort give the sufferer?

When "times of sorrow" by our friends
Are realized, shall *we* not weep ?
As a kind angel-guard attends,
Let pity there her vigils keep.
Let holy sympathy be shown,
And holy consolation given ;
Nor in the sorrowing ear alone—
Let holy prayer ascend to heaven.
When troubles that no heart can tell
Are realized, we may afford
A pleasure too unspeakable,
Kind sympathy will touch a chord
Of joy responsive, while *we* feel
As ministering angels do,
Who from the bowers where they dwell,
Descend to bless the saints below.
And love will dictate many an act
Of kindness, as the circumstance
And character of friends demand ;
And prayer will sanctify events
Which in this changing world take place,
And sweetly will anticipate
The glory that will finish grace
In that sublime, eternal state.

And love will prompt the prayer sincere,
That those we sympathise with thus,
Though tried, afflicted, stricken here,
May in that region meet with us,
Where "all is joy, and peace, and love,"
And ever realise that smile,
Which even here below doth prove
An antidote to grief and toil.
The very exercise of prayer
For suffering humanity,
Will strengthen love, and us prepare
The helpers of our race to be.
True love will pray—true love will *do*
All its ability allows,
With the bright pattern full in view,
It will not labour for *excuse* !
Vain are the prayers that are preferred,
That God would bless our friends and those
Whose welfare claims our deep regard,
If with our prayers our efforts close !
Can we expect, if neutralised
By after conduct, they'll avail ?
Those *efforts* must be exercised
That indicate our wishes real.

Then God will hear, and man will see,
Our Father bless, our friends approve,—
Our manifest sincerity
Will unto all commend our love.
This be our daily prayer, “ Oh, make
Us *like our Saviour* more and more ;
His loveliness may we partake,
And shed around a *blessed power* ! ”
He *went about* to do man good,
And though *our* callings may prevent,
Where'er our influence may be felt,
May we our Saviour represent !
And if *his Spirit* in us reign,
We shall not barren, useless, prove ;
Our labours will not be in vain,—
What *is* his Spirit then ?—'tis Love !

CONCLUSION.

“ The *gentleness* of Christ ” be ours,
How wondrously exemplified,
When his *command* all heaven's powers,
In one vast overwhelming tide,

Might have brought down, the wrongs at once
To have avenged, which he *endured*,
He sheathed his own Omnipotence,
The Almighty, yet the *suffering* Lord !
When for his enemies he prayed,
He taught *us* to forgive our foes ;
Shall not his mind be thus displayed ?
His temper shall not we disclose ?
The law of love demands it, we
Who own his blessed gentle sway,
Can never hence vindictive be,—
Shall noble man the *brute* display ?
“ Whence wars and fighting ? ” Jesus is
The Prince of Peace ; his army know
No arms but love and gentleness,
And these shall conquer every foe !
In all his bearing Christ behold,
The model for the human race ;
Beneath his banner we’re enrolled,
“ Good will to man, on earth be peace ! ”
A model, said we, for our race ?
For early youth and manhood too,
In every circumstance and place,—
His early history review.

And who can look and not admire ?
Who muse thereon and not adore ?
And to such excellence aspire,
And long to glorify him more ?
The gentleness of love in all
We see,—behold the chosen few
Who at his feet profoundly fall,
His heavenly doctrines listen to.
With what benign and gracious word
He teaches them to do his will ;
Are we disciples of the Lord ?
We hear the gentle accents still.
How sweetly he reproves their oft
Discovered ignorance, and tells
The sacred meaning with a soft
Angelic smile that fear repels.
Their weaknesses, infirmities,
Their errors, and mistakes, regards
With pity, heavenly tenderness,—
And holy sympathy affords.
A *look* of kindness conquered one
Who grievously revolted (love
Will melt a heart as hard as stone,
When other force will fail to move.)

In all his conversation hear
The gentlest accents, soft and sweet,
Like angel harpings echoing near,
As they surround his holy feet.
Nor to his loving circle bound,
That kindness was to *sinners* shown,
In all his public teachings found,
How many by his love were won !
His sermon on the mount review,
What blessed, soothing, winning words ;
Combined with hallowed precepts too,
Enforced with all that *love* affords.
The instructive parables he gave,
All picture to our minds his love,—
His *willingness* all men to save
Who will his ready power prove.
The *invitations* to the host
Who in “the error of their ways
Pursue destruction,”—to the lost
He offers free, restrictless grace !
“Come unto me,”—oh, matchless love !
“Ye weary, come, and rest obtain ;
Come, take my yoke, its blessings prove,
Your burdens lose and freedom gain !”

The *bodies*, as the souls, of men,
It was his kind intent to heal;
He sympathised in all their pain,
With power to help, as heart to feel.
The blind, the lame, the leprous sought
His ready power to restore;
The helpless, to his presence brought,
Rejoice in his supernal power.
Not one besought in vain,—with love
And matchless tenderness he heard
Their sad complaints, and to remove
Their sorrows, spake “the healing word.”
With might omnipotent endued,
That power was exercised with mild
Benignity, each act imbued
With the sweet meekness of a child!
And how illustriously displayed
His meekness was; when wicked men
Reviled his goodness, then he prayed,
And looked with tenderness again.
In all the scenes of trial he
Was the great sufferer, *love* is seen;
And in the crowning tragedy,
That wondrous soul-subduing scene,

Amazing pity we behold,—

The prompting of his heart make known ;
The love that never can be told,

“ Let mercy to my foes be shown.”

In life's last hour—the sweet response

To penitence in tears he gives,
And full salvation yields at once,

“ The dying thief ” the bliss receives.

“ Remember me,” he sinking cries,

“ When thou shalt in thy kingdom be ;”

“ To-day shalt thou in Paradise

Be with me,” is the dear reply !

His life in all the varied scenes,

The standard of all goodness shows ;

Love, pity, mercy, shines in all,

And centres in its wondrous close.

His life a pattern thus supplies,

His death a motive, while the grand

Intentions of his sacrifice

Our hearts and all their powers expand.

See his great love in all the plans

Of usefulness ordained of him,

Who willingly endured such pains,

The vilest sinners to redeem.

What dear inducements he has given,
To bring the wanderers to his fold ;
How the kind Shepherd looks from heaven,
What soul unmoved can him behold ?
The messengers of mercy in
His stead beseech, for his dear sake,
The guilty race enslaved by sin,
To life and duty to awake.
And with the invitations given,
Assurances that cancel doubt,
The covenant and oath of heaven,
“ That he in no wise will cast out ! ”
The nature of his government,
Discovers all that's grand in love ;
No principle of *force*, constraint,
Is there, but all his subjects move,
As influenced by love divine ;
Love is his sceptre, *grace* his throne,
And all his subjects *willing* bend,
And own Immanuel King alone.
The gentleness he thus displays,
Appreciated, swells each breast ;
Beneath the smilings of his face,
The saints in cordial union rest.

The tendency of Jesus' reign
Is *universal* love to bring;
Uniting all the race of men
In one great nation, he their King !
The one great law of love unites
In service due to God, and all
The obligations it creates
To fellow-mortals on this ball,
The holy inculcations given,
Affect the universe, and we
Can never serve the God of heaven
And *not* the human family !
Forgiveness by the sinner known
Will influence all his conduct hence,
And that forgiveness will be shown
When cometh, as *will come*, offence.
In that brief comprehensive prayer
He taught his followers, this obtains
The central place, its presence there
More than a cold admission means.
Yea, on its pure sincerity
All else is hinged, "If ye forgive
Not men their trespasses, then ye
Shall God's forgiveness ne'er receive."

"Be merciful as God is kind,"
Is the sweet charge the Gospel gives;
And to his *own* good he is blind,
Who selfishly in anger lives!
As brethren, "bound with cords of love,"
The unity that nothing can
Dissolve, in peace and order move,
"Fear God, and honour every man."
The holy precepts of the Word
Prohibit all unkind surmise;
"Judge not, lest ye be judged"—referred
Be all unto the Judge all-wise.
"And why beholdest thou the *mote*
Disfiguring thy brother's eye,
And in thine own forget'st to note
The *beam* 'twere wiser to descry?"
"Bear one another's burdens," thus
"Fulfil the Law of Christ;" this was
The Saviour's conduct and his *choice*,
We learn this lesson at the Cross!
The mandate given to all his friends
Is "Follow me," remark my ways;
His dear example all transcends,
Made up of "beauty, truth, and grace."

Especially the tender, kind,
And loving features he displayed ;
The human glories of his mind
It is our bliss to imitate.
Angelic sweetness was his own,
The mercy of a God enshrined
In his humanity, and shown
In deeds of love to human kind.
In humble measure must this love
By his disciples be displayed ;
The more like him, the more we prove
Our vital union with our Head.
The brethren must the image see,—
The world must the reflection mark,—
To these a bond of unity,—
To that a beacon in the dark.
All *goodness* gentle is and meek,
And full of holy charity,
That looks in pity on the weak,
To every work of mercy free.
And all true *greatness* gentle is,
Benignant, mild, and beautiful ;
The shallowest stream will make most noise,
The deepest's calm and peaceable.

And all great power is gentle too,
The dignity of moral worth,—
The force of nature thus in true
And wondrous order rules the earth.
The universe by power unseen,
And yet almighty, is sustained ;
Who can explore the might that binds,
To mortal fancy unexplained ?
The gentleness of love possesseth,
Conduces to our happiness ;
The tranquil, placid, tender breast
Is the abode of heaven's own bliss.
The soul thus calm, like summer's eve,
A quiet scene of loveliness
Unveils, and who can it perceive
And envy not the hallowed peace ?
The sweet demeanour thus enjoined,
Would even make our enemies
Admire us,—let the holy mind
That was in Christ be found in us !
If perfect love were thus displayed,
What power for usefulness were ours ;
Our voice would make the thorny bed
Burst into fair and fragrant flowers.

“Blest are the men of peace,” as they
Exert an influence around,
And quell the rancours of the way,
And heal the breaches that abound.
Love is the balm that will avail,
The bitterest foe it will o’ercome,—
The “heap of coals” will never fail
The load of malice to consume.
The gentleness of Christ !—before
The Cross of Jesus open wide
The bosom, let the genial power
Descend in an o’erwhelming tide.
Rise from the scene, renewed in love,
Let words and deeds henceforth declare,—
The thoughts and feelings dwell above,
While we are happy, useful here !
“Behold, how good and pleasant ’tis
To see in holy unity
The brethren dwell ;” from heaven’s bliss
The angels bend the scene to see.
The God of heaven himself looks down
With gladness and complacency ;
The Son of God from his bright throne
Smiles on the sweet serenity.

The Holy Spirit dwelleth there,
The peaceful evangelic dove ;
It is a scene so sweet, so fair,
The prelude of the bliss above.
From the sad scenes of discord, in
The world around, that pain our eyes,—
The hellish fruit of sense and sin,
That fill the angels with surprise :
The tumult of the passions, strife
Of tongues, discordant sounds of war,
The miseries of human life
That echo in the groans from far :
The moans of the imprisoned slave,
The cries to our humanity
For help from fellow-man to save,
That roll across the heaving sea :
(Oh, blessed Charity ! renew
Thine holy warfare with the power
That man degrades, and weeping view
The wrongs that helpless men endure !
The Law of Love !—ah, hardened race,
That hold in *bondage* fellow-man,
No more the christian name disgrace,
Let *love* dissolve the hateful ban :)

From the sad scenes, we say, we turn
To the delightful circle, where
The love of Christ doth sweetly burn,
And find a home of pleasure there.
Behold the brethren (in a sense
All men are brethren, love should bind
In one fraternal influence
The scattered hosts of human kind :
And without higher motives this
Should lead us in all things we do,
To contemplate the happiness
And weal of *many*, *not* of few ;)
"Brethren *in* Christ," oh, precious bond,
"Sons of the Father," through his grace,
Here are the motives all beyond
That must the hearts of all possess.
"Dwelling together," by the hand
Of Providence located here
Or there, in many a little band,
His love and mercy to declare.
The little homes where churches meet,
Where holy unity obtains,
One heart, one mind, one way, how sweet,
How pleasant, are the heavenly scenes !

"A family of God," a part of that
Great gathering that shall one day stand
Without an imperfection at
His holy throne, at his right hand.
"How good" is this, *itself* how good,
Its *influences* blessed too;
Its *consequences* (still pursued)
Commend the soul-delighting view.
How "*pleasant*"—not one scene on earth
That's naturally beautiful,
Or so by art, so fair appears,
Surpassing and eclipsing all.
'Tis pleasant to the eye,—it cheers
The soul,—it lifts the heart above,
Beyond this narrow "vale of tears,"
And pictures everlasting Love!

THE END.



